B. A. ESSAYS

FROM

BEST ESSAYISTS

BY

Professor K. K. Mookerjee, M.A.,

Mohindra College Patiala.

Author of Notes on Skakespeare's Juluis Caesar, Critical Notes on Selected English Poems of the 19th Century, Critical Notes on Lamb's Essays of Elia, Etc., Etc.

REVISED BY

Professor R. D. BANNERJEE, M.A., B.L.

PURI BROTHERS,

OOK-SELLERS & PUBLISHERS

KACHERI ROAD, LAHORE

Price 1-8-0.

Edition.

PRINTED AT

THE LAHORE ART ELECTRIC PRESS, 16, ANARKALI, LAHORE

BY RAM BHEJA KAPUR, PROPRIETOR,

B. A. ESSAYS

FROM

BEST ESSAYISTS

BY

Professor K. K. Mookerjee, M.A.,

Mohindra College Patiala.

Author of Notes on Skakespeare's Juluis Caesar, Critical Notes on Selected English Poems of the 19th Century, Critical Notes on Lamb's Essays of Elia, Etc., Etc.

REVISED BY

Professor R. D. BANNERJEE, M.A., B.L.

PURI BROTHERS,

BOOK-SELLERS & PUBLISHERS

KACHERI ROAD, LAHORE

1st Edition. *Price 1-8-0.*

PRINTED AT

THE LAHORE ART ELECTRIC PRESS, 16, ANARKALI, LAHORE

BY RAM BHEJA KAPUR, PROPRIETOR,

CONTENTS.

Authors

Page

THE ART OF CONVERSATION.

Words learned by rote, a parrot may rehearse,
But talking is not always to converse.

——— *Cowper.*

Philosophy finds talkativeness a disease very difficult and hard to cure. For its remedy, conversation, requires hearers; but talkative people hear no body, for they are ever prating. And the first evil this inability to keep silence produces is an inability to listen.—(*Plutarch*).

Conversation is the music of the mind, an intellectual orchestra, where all the instruments should bear a part, but where none should play together. Each of the performers should have a just appreciation of his own powers, otherwise an unskilful novice who might usurp the first fiddle, would infallibly get into a scrape. To prevent these mistakes, a good master of the band will be very particular in the assortment of the performers; if too dissimilar, there will be no harmony; if too few, there will be no variety; and if too numerous, there will be no order, for the presumption of one prater, might silence the eloquence of a Burke, or the wit of a Sheridan, as a single beetle-drum would drown the finest solo of a Gionowich or a Jordini.—(*Colton*).

There can be no fairer ambition than to excel in talk, to be affable, gay, ready, clear, and welcome; to have a fact, a thought, or an illustration, pat to every subject, and not only to cheer the flight of the time among our intimates, but bear our part in that great international congress, always sitting, where public wrongs are first declared, public errors first corrected, and the course of public opinion shaped, day by day, a little nearer to the right. No measure comes before Parliament but it has been long ago prepared by the grand jury of the talkers; no book is written that has not been largely composed by their assistance. Literature in many of its branches is no other than the shadow of good talk; but the imitation falls far short of the original in life, freedom and effect. There are always two to a talk, giving and taking, comparing experience and according conclusions. Talk is fluid, tentative, continually 'in further search and progress'; while written words remain fixed, become idols even to the writer, found wooden dogmatisms, and preserve flies of obvious error in the amber of the truth. Last and chief, while literature gagged with linsey-woolsey, can only deal with a fraction of the life of man, talk goes free and may call a spade a spade. Talk has none of the freezing immunities of the pulpit. It cannot, even if it would, become aesthetic or merely classical like literature. A jest intervenes, the solemn humbug is dissolved in laughter,

and speech runs forth out of the contemporary groove into the open fields of nature, cheery and cheering, like schoolboys out of school. And it is in talk alone that we can learn our period and ourselves. In short, the first duty of a man is to speak; that is his chief business in this world; and talk which is the harmonious speech of two or more, is by far the most accessible of pleasures. It costs nothing in money; it is all profit; it completes our education, founds and fosters our friendship, and can be enjoyed at any age and in almost any state of health.—(*Stevenson*).

Amongst the arts connected with the elegancies of social life, in a degree which nobody denies, if one may judge by their neglect of its simplest rules, this same art is not less connected with the uses of social life. Neither the luxury of conversation, nor the possible benefit of conversation, is to be found under that rude administration of it which generally prevails. Without an art, without some simple system of rules no act of man nor effort accomplishes its purposes in perfection. The sagacious Greek would not so much as drink a glass of wine amongst a few friends without a systematic art to guide him. Purposes still more slight and fugitive have been organized into arts. Taking soup gracefully, under the difficulties opposed to it by a dining dress at that time fashionable was reared into an art forty-five years ago by a Frenchman, who lectured upon

it to ladies in London. Spitting was shown to be a very difficult art, and publicly prelected upon about the same time, in the same great capital. The professors in this faculty were the hackney-coachmen, the pupils were gentlemen, who paid a guinea each for three lessons. Endless are the purposes of man, merely festal or merely comic, and aiming but at the momentary life of a cloud, which have earned for themselves the distinction and apparatus of a separate art. Yet, for conversation, the great paramount purpose of social meetings, no art exists or has been attempted. When dedicated to the objects of festal delight, conversation rises by its tendency to the rank of a fine art. It is true that not one man in a million rises to any distinction in this art, nor, whatever France may conceit of herself, has any one nation, amongst other nations, a real precedency in this art. The artists are rare indeed, but still the art, as distinguished from the artist, may, by its difficulties, by the quality of its graces, and by the range of its possible brilliances, take rank as a *fine* art; or at all events, according to its power of execution, it tends to that rank; whereas the best order of conversation that is simply ministerial to a purpose of use, cannot pretend to a higher name than that of a *mechanic* art. But these distinctions may be practically neglected, because the hints offered, by the generality of the terms in which they express themselves, may be applied indifferently to

either class of conversation. The main diseases, indeed, which obstruct the healthy movement of conversation, recur everywhere; and alike whether the object be pleasure or profit in the free interchange of thought, almost universally that interchange is obstructed in the very same way, by the very same defect of any controlling principle for sustaining the general rights and interests of the company, and by the same vices of self-indulgent indolence, or callous selfishness, or of insolent vanity, in the indvidual talkers.—(*De Quincey*).

Really good talk is one of the greatest pleasures there is, and yet how rarely one comes across it. There are a good many people who on occasions are capable of talking well. But what they seem to lack is initiative, and deliberate purpose. If people would only look upon conversation in a more serious light, much would be gained. The more seriously one takes an amusement, the more amusing it becomes. People should apply the same sort of seriousness to talk that they apply to golf and bridge, they should desire to improve their game, brood over their mistakes, try to do better. Why is it that so many would think it priggish and effiminate to try to improve their talk, and yet think it manly and rational to try to shoot better? Of course it must be done with a natural zest and enjoyment, or it is useless. What a ghastly picture one gets of the old-fashioned talkers and wits, commiting a number of subjects to memory, turning over a commonplace book for apposite anecdotes and jests,

adding dates to those selected that they may not tell the same story again too soon, learning up a list of epigrams, stuck in a shaving-glass, when they are dressing for dinner, and then sallying forth primed to bursting with conversation! It is all very well to know beforehand the kind of line you would wish to take, but spontaniety is a necessary ingredient of talk, and to make up one's mind to get certain stories in, is to deprive talk of its fortuitous charm. What is really most needed in social gatherings is a kind of moderator of the talk, an informal president. Many people are quite capable of talking interestingly, if they get a lead. The perfect moderator should have a large stock of subjects of general interest. He should, so to speak, kick-off. And then he should either feel, or atleast artfully simulate, an interest in other people's point of view. He should ask questions, reply to arguments, encourage, elicit expressions of opinion. He should not desire to steer his own course, but follow the line that the talk happens to take. It is, of course, useless to attempt to make oneself into a brilliant talker, because the qualities needed—humour, quickness, the power of seeing unexpected connections, picturesque phrasing, natural charm, sympathy, readiness, and so forth—are things hardly attainable by effort. But much can be done by perseverance, and it is possible to form a deliberate habit of conversation by determining that however much one may be indisposed to talk, however unpromising one's companions may seem,

one will at all events keep up an end.—(*Benson*).

The studied forms of politeness do not give the greatest possible scope to an exuberance of wit or fancy. The fear of giving offence destroys sincerity, and without sincerity there can be no true enjoyment of society, nor unfettered exertion of intellectual activity. Those who have been accustomed to live with the great are hardly considered as conversible persons in literary society. They are not to be talked with, any more than puppets or echoes. As fashionable conversation is a sacrifice to politeness, so the conversation of low life is nothing but rudeness. They contradict you without giving a reason; or if they do, it is a very bad one—swear, talk loud, repeat the same thing fifty times over, get to calling names, and from words proceed to blows. The conversation of authors is better than that of most professions. It is better than that of lawyers, who talk nothing but *double entendre*—than that of physicians, who talk of the approaching deaths of the College, or the marriage of some new practitioner with some rich widow—than that of divines, who talk of the last place they dined at—than that of University men, who make stale puns, repeat the refuse of the London newspapers, and affect an ignorance of Greek and Mathematics, it is better than that of players, who talk of nothing but the green-room, and rehearse the scholar, the wit or the fine gentleman, like a part on the stage—or than that of ladies, who, whatever you talk of, think of nothing, and expect you to think of nothing,

but themselves.—(*Hazlitt*).

Wise, cultivated, genial conversation is the last flower of civilization, and the best result which life has to offer us,—a cup for gods, which has no repentence. Conversation is our account of ourselves. All we have, all we can, all we know, is brought into play, and as the reproduction in finer form, of all our havings.—(*Emerson*).

AGRICULTURE.

Heap high the farmer's wintry hoard!
Heap high the golden corn!
No richer gift has Autumn poured
From out her lavish horn!

——— *Whittier.*

It is not known where he that invented the plough was born nor where he died; yet he has effected more for the happiness of the world than the whole race of heroes and conquerors who have drenched it with tears and manured it with blood, and whose birth, parentage and education have been handed down to us with a precision precisely proportionate to the mischief they have done.—(*Colton*).

The history of Agriculture is the history of man in his most primitive and most permanent aspect. Hence the nations of antiquity ascribed to it a divine origin; Brahma in Hindustan, Isis in Egypt, Demeter in Greece, and Ceres in Italy, were its founders. The simplest form of agriculture is that in which crops are raised from one patch of ground till it is exhausted, when it is allowed to go wild and abandon-

ed for another. The discovery of the uses of the bare fallow and of manure by making it possible to raise crops from the same area for an indefinite period, marks a stage of progress. This 'intensive' culture in a more or less developed form was practised by the great nations of antiquity, and little decided advance was made till after the Middle Ages. The introduction of new plants, which made it possible to dispense with the bare fallow, and still later the application to husbandry of scientific discoveries as to soils, plant constituents and manures, brought about a revolution in farming. But the progress of husbandry, evidenced by the production of larger and better crops with more certainty, is due to that rationalising of agricultural practices which is the work of modern times. What before was done in the light of experience is now-a-days done in the light of knowledge. It is the improvements in methods, implements and materials, brought about by the application of science, that distinguish the husbandry of the 20th century from that of medieval and ancient times.—(*Encyclopaedia Brittanica*).

As for the necessity of this art, it is evident enough, since this can live without all others, and no one other without this. This is like speech, without which the society of men cannot be preserved; the others like figures and tropes of speech which serve only to adorn it. Many nations have lived, and some do still, without any art but this; not so elegantly, but still they live; and almost all

the other arts which are here practised are beholding to them for most of their materials. The innocence of this life is commendable, and if husbandmen preserve not that, they are much to blame, for no men are so free from the temptations of iniquity. They live by what they can get by industry from the earth, and others by what they can catch by craft from men. They live upon an estate cheated from their brethren They live like sheep and kine, by the allowances of Nature, and others like wolves and foxes by the acquisition of rapine. They are, without dispute, of all men the most quiet and least apt to be inflamed to the disturbance of the commonwealth; their manner of life inclines them, and interest binds them, to love peace. A perpetual companion of the husbandman is the satisfaction of looking round about him, and seeing nothing but the effects and improvements of his own art and diligence; to be always gathering of some fruits of it, and at the same time to behold others ripening, and others budding; to see all his fields and gardens covered with the beauteous creatures of his own industry; and to see, like God, that all his works are good. The antiquity of his art is certainly not to be contested by any other. The three first men in the world were a gardener, a ploughman, and a grazier; and if any man object that the second of these was a murderer, he should consider, that as soon as he was so, he quitted our profession and turned builder. We were all born to this art, and taught by Nature to nourish our

bodies by the same earth out of which they were made and to which they must return and pay at last for their sustenance.—(*Cowley*).

"Do it with thy might." There have been myriads upon myriads of human creatures who have obeyed this law—who have put every breath and nerve of their being into its toil—who have devoted every hour, and exhausted every faculty—who have bequeathed their unaccomplished thoughts at Death—who, being dead, have yet spoken, by majesty of memory, and strength of example. And, at last what has all this "Might" of humanity accomplished, in six thousand years of labour and sorrow? What has it done? Six thousand years have passed since we were set to till the ground, from which we were taken. How much of it is tilled? How much of that which is, wisely or well? In the very centre and chief garden of Europe—where the two forms of parent Christianity have had their fortresses —there the unchecked Alpine rivers yet run wild in devastation, and the marshes, which a few hundred men could redeem with a year's labour still blast the helpless inhabitants into fevered idiotism. That is so, in the centre of Europe! While on the near coast of Africa, once the garden of the Hesperides, an Arab woman, but a few sunset since, ate her child, for famine And, with all the treasures of the East at our feet, we, in our own dominion, could not find a few grains of rice, for a people that asked of us no more; but stood by, and saw five hundred thousand of them perish of hunger.—(*Ruskin*).

Whoever could make two ears of corn or two blades of grass, to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together.—(*Swift*). In a moral point of view, the life of the agriculturist is the most pure and holy of any class of men; pure, because it is the most healthful, and vice can hardly find time to contaminate it; and holy because it brings the Deity perpetually before his view, giving him thereby the most exalted notions of supreme power, and the most fascinating and endearing view of moral benignity.— (*Russell*).

In ancient times, the sacred Plough employ'd
The Kings and awful Fathers of mankind:
And some, with whom compared your insect-tribes
Are but the beings of a summer's day,
Have held the Scale of Empire, ruled the Storm
Of mighty war; then, with victorious hand,
Disdaining little delicacies, seized
The Plough, and greatly independent scorned
All the vile stores corruption can bestow.

———— (*Thomson*).

BEAUTY.

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet
breathing.

———(*Keats.*)

There is scarcely a single joy or sorrow within the experience of our fellow-creatures which we have not tasted: yet the belief in the good and beautiful has never forsaken us. It has been medicine to us in sickness, richness in poverty, and the best part of all that ever delighted us in health and success.—(***Leigh Hunt***).

What a strange power the perception of beauty is! It seems to ebb and flow like some secret tide, independent alike of health or disease, of joy or sorrow. There are times in our lives when we seem to go singing on our way, and when the beauty of the world sets itself like a quiet harmony to the song we uplift. Then again come seasons when all is well with us, when we are prosperous and contented, interested in life and all its concerns, when no perception of beauty comes near us; when we are tranquil and content, and take no heed of the delicate visions of the day; when music has no inner voice, and poetry seems a mere cheerful jingling of ordered phrases. Then again we have a time of gloom and dreariness; work has no interest, pleasure no savour, we go about our business

and our delight alike in a leaden mood of dulness; and yet again, when we are surrounded with care and trouble, perhaps in pain or weakness of body, there flashes into the darkened life an exquisite perception of things beautiful and rare; the vision of a spring copse with all its tapestry of flowers, bright points of radiant colour, fills us with a strange yearning, a delightful pain; in such a mood a few chords of music, the haunting melody of some familiar line of verse, the song of a bird at dawn, the light of sunset on lonely fields, thrill us with an inexpressible rapture.—(*A. C. Benson*).

Beauty has so many charms, one knows not how to speak against it: and when it happens that a graceful figure is the habitation of a virtuous soul, when the beauty of the face speaks out the modesty and humility of the mind, and the justness of the proportion raises our thoughts up to the heart and wisdom of the great Creator, something may be allowed it,—and something to the embellishments which set it off; and yet, when the whole apology is read, it will be found at last that beauty, like truth, never is so glorious as when it goes the plainest.—(***Sterne***).

Nothing is arbitrary, nothing is insulated in beauty. It depends for ever on the necessary and the useful. The plumage of the bird, the mimic plumage of the insect, has a reason for its rich colors in the constitution of the animal. Fitness is so inseparable an accompaniment of beauty, that it has been taken for it.—(***Emerson***).

Many of the rapturous expressions one hears and sees used about the enjoyment of nature are very insincere; though it is equally true on the other hand that a great deal of genuine admiration of natural beauty is not expressed, perhaps hardly consciously felt. To have a true and deep appreciation of nature demands a certain poetical force, which is rare; and a great many people who have a considerable power of expression, but little originality, feel bound to expend a portion of this upon expressing an admiration for nature which they do not so much actually feel as think themselves bound to feel, because they believe that people in general expect it of them. But on the other hand there is in the hearts of many quiet people a real love for and delight in the beauty of the kindly earth, the silent and exquisite changes, the influx and efflux of life, which we call the seasons, the rich transfiguring influences of sunrise and sunset, the slow or swift lapse of clear streams, the march and plunge of sea-billows, the bewildering beauty and aromatic scents of those delicate toys of God which we call flowers, the large air and the sun, the star-strewn spaces of the night.—(*A. C. Benson*).

There is not a moment of any day of our lives, when Nature is not producing scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, and working still upon such exquisite and constant principles of the most perfect beauty, that it is quite certain it is all done for us, and intended for our perpetual

pleasure. And every man, wherever placed, however far from other sources of interest or of beauty, has this doing for him constantly. The noblest scenes of the earth can be seen and known but by few; it is not intended that man should live always in the midst of them; he injures them by his presence, he ceases to feel them if he be always with them: but the sky is for all; bright as it is, it is not

Too bright, nor good,
For human nature's daily food;

it is fitted in all its functions for the perpetual comfort and exalting of the heart, for the soothing it and purifying it from its dross and dust.—(*Ruskin*).

The wind passes, and the green corn bends—let the wind, too, pass over the spirit. From the cloud-shadow it emerges to the sunshine—let the heart come out from the shadow of roofs to the open glow of the sky. High above, the songs of the larks fall as rain—receive it with open hands. Pure is the colour of the green flags, the slender-pointed blades—let the thought be pure as the light that shines through that colour Broad are the downs and open the aspect—gather the breadth and largeness of view. Never can that view be wide enough and large enough, there will always be room to aim higher. As the air of the hills enriches the blood, so let the presence of these beautiful things enrich the inner sense. One memory of the green corn, fresh beneath the sun and

wind, will lift up the heart from the clods —(*Richard Jefferies*).

Socrates called beauty a short-lived tyranny; Plato a privilege of nature; Theophrastus, a silent cheat; Theocritus, a delightful prejudice; Carneades, a solitary kingdom; Domitian said, that nothing was more grateful: Aristotle affirmed that beauty was better than all the letters of recommendation in the world; Homer, that, 'twas a glorious gift of nature, and Ovid, alluding to him, calls it a favour bestowed by the gods—(*From the Italian*).

As a matter of fact Beauty is an all-pervading presence. If unfolds to the numberless flowers of the spring; it waves in the branches of the trees and the green blades of grass; it haunts the depths of the earth and the sea, and gleams out in the hues of the shell and the precious stone. And not only these minute objects, but the ocean, the mountains, the clouds, the heavens, the stars, the rising and setting sun, all overflow with beauty.—(*Channing*).

Books.

Golden volumes! richest treasures,
Objects of delicious pleasures
You my eyes rejoicing please,
You my hands in rapture seize!
Brilliant wits and musing sages,
Lights who beam'd through many ages!
Left to your conscious leaves their story,
And dared to trust you with their glory;

And now their hope of fame achiev'd,
Dear volumes! you have not deceived!

Isaac Disraeli.

When we multiply the appliances of human life, we do not multiply the years of life, nor the days in the year, nor the hours in the day. Nor do we multiply the powers of thought, or of endurance; much less do we multiply self-restraint, unselfishness, and a good heart. What we really multiply are our difficulties and doubts. Millions of new books hardly help us when we can neither read nor remember a tithe of what we have. Billions of new facts rather confuse men who do not know what to do with the old facts.—(*Frederick Harrison*).

Books are far more independent of place, of time, and of surrounding circumstances than are the masterpieces of pictorial art. It is no doubt the case that your true bibliophile has a taste for rare editions and precious bindings which cannot be satisfied in a public library. His taste cannot be made general or popular, but it is doubtful whether the collection of a book collector ever gives much satisfaction except to its possessor. We may all enjoy other people's parks, other people's pictures, and other people's houses—very often, we enjoy them more than their actual possessors, but we have never heard of a case in which one book collector thoroughly enjoys the collection of another book collector. If he does derive satisfaction from it, it is rather because he comes to contemplate that his friend may die, or be

ruined, that his collection may come to the hammer, and that he may ultimately become the possessor of one or two of these coveted treasures.—(*Arthur James Balfour*).

Book-knowledge is knowledge ***communicable by books***: and it is general and liberal for this reason, that it is intelligible and interesting on the bare suggestion. That to which anyone feels a romantic attachment merely from finding it in a book, must be interesting in itself: that which he instantly forms a lively and entire conception of, from seeing a few marks and scratches upon paper, must be taken from common nature: that which, the first time you meet with it, seizes upon the attention as a curious speculation, must exercise the general faculties of the human mind. There are certain broader aspects of society and views of things common to every subject; and more or less cognizable to every mind; and these the scholar treats and founds his claim to general attention upon them, without being chargeable with pedantry. The minute descriptions of fishing-tackle, of baits and flies, in ***Walton's Complete Angler***, make that work a great favourite with sportsmen: the alloy of an amiable humanity, and the modest but touching descriptions of familiar incidents and rural objects scattered through it, have made it an equal favourite with every reader of taste and feeling. Persons of different trades and professions—the mechanic, the shop-keeper, the medical practitioner,

the artist, &c, may all have great knowledge and ingenuity in their several vocations, the details of which will be very edifying to themselves, and just as incomprehensible to their neighbours: but over and above this professional and technical knowledge, they must be supposed to have a stock of common sense and common feeling to furnish subjects for common conversation, or to give them any pleasure in each other's company. It is to this common stock of ideas, spread over the surface, or striking its roots into the very centre of society, that the popular writer appeals, and not in vain; for he finds readers. It is of this finer essence of wisdom and humanity, "ethereal mould, sky-tinctured," that books of the better sort are made. They contain the language of thought. It must happen that, in the course of time and the variety of human capacity, some persons will have struck out finer observations, reflections, and sentiments than others. These they have committed to books of memory, have bequeathed as a lasting legacy to posterity; and such persons have become standard authors.—(*Hazlitt*).

No wealth will bribe, no name overawe, no artifice deceive, the guardian of those Elysian gates. In the deep sense, no vile or vulgar person ever enters there. At the portieres of that silent Fanbourg St. Germain, there is but brief question:—"Do you deserve to enter? Pass. Do you ask to be the companion of nobles? Make yourself noble, and you shall be. Do you long for the conversation of

the wise? Learn to understand it, and you shall hear it. But on other terms? No. If you will not rise to us, we cannot stoop to you. The living lord may assume courtesy, the living philosopher explain his thought to you with considerate pain; but here we neither feign nor interpret, you must rise to the level of our thoughts if you would be gladdened by them, and share our feelings, if you would recognise our presence." You must, in a word, love these people, if you are to be among them. No ambition is of any use. They scorn your ambition. You must love them and show your love in these two following ways.

(1) First, by a true desire to be taught by them, and to enter into their thoughts. To enter into theirs, observe; not to find your own expressed by them. If the person who wrote the book is not wiser than you, you need not read it; if he be, he will think differently from you in many respects.

(2) Very ready we are to say of a book, "How this is—that's exactly what I think!" But the right feeling is, "How strange that is! I never thought of that before, and yet I see it is true; or if I do not now, I hope I shall, some day." But whether thus submissively or not, at least be sure that you go to the author to get at *his* meaning, not to find yours. Judge it afterwards if you think yourself qualified to do so; but ascertain it first.—(*Ruskin*).

The intellectual motive for reading is to get clear conception, to arrive at a critical sense of what is

good in literature, to have a knowledge of events and tendencies of thought, to take a just view of history and of great personalities; not to be at the mercy of theorists, but to be able to correct a faulty bias by having a large and wide view of the progress of events and the development of thought. One who reads from this point of view will generally find some particular line which he tends to follow, some special region of the mind where he is desirous to know all that can be known; but he will, at the same time, wish to acquaint himself in a general way with other departments of thought, so that he may be interested in subjects in which he is not wholly well-informed, and be able to listen, even to ask intelligent questions, in matters with which he has no minute acquaintance. Such a man, if he steers clear of the contempt for indefinite views which is often the curse of men with clear and definite minds, makes the best kind of talker, stimulating and suggestive; his talk seems to open doors into gardens and corridors of the house of thought; and others, whose knowledge is fragmentary, would like to be at home, too in that pleasant palace. But it is of the essence of such talk that it should be natural and attractive, not professional or didactic.—(*A. C. Benson*).

Books have always a secret influence on the understanding; we cannot at pleasure obliterate ideas: he that reads books of science, though without any desire fixed of improvement, will grow more knowing; he that entertains himself with moral or religious trea-

tises, will imperceptibly advance in goodness; the ideas which are often offered to the mind, will at last find a lucky moment when it is disposed to receive them.—(*Johnson*).

How pleasant it is to reflect that all the great lovers of books have themselves become books! What better metamorphosis could Pythagoras have desired! How Ovid and Horace exulted in anticipating theirs! And how the world have justified their exultation! They had a right to triumph over brass and marble. It is the only visible change which changes no farther; which generates and yet is not destroyed. Consider: mines themselves are exhausted; cities perish; kingdoms are swept away, and man weeps with indignation to think that his own body is not immortal. Yet this little body of thought, that lies in the shape of a book, has existed thousands of years, nor since the invention of the press can anything short of an universal convulsion of nature abolish it. To a shape like this, so small yet so comprehensive, so slight yet so lasting, so insignificant yet so venerable, turns the mighty activity of Homer, and so turning, is enabled to live and warm us for ever.

Good books are to the young mind what the warming sun and the refreshing rain of spring are to the seeds which have lain dormant in the frosts of winter. They are more, for they may save from that which is worse than death, as well as bless with that which is better than life.—(*Horace Mann*).

CULTURE.

With culture spoil what else would flourish wild,
And rock the cradle till they bruise the child.
——————*George Cox.*

The great law of culture is, Let each become all that he was created capable of being; expand, if possible, to his full growth; resisting all impediments, casting off all foreign, especially all noxious adhesions, and show himself at length in his own shape and stature be these what they may.—(*Carlyle*).

To find the real ground for the very differing estimate which serious people will set upon culture, we must find some motive for culture in the terms of which may lie a real ambiguity, and such a motive the word *curiosity* gives us. For as there is a curiosity about intellectual matters which is futile, and merely a disease, so there is certainly a curiosity,—a desire after the things of the mind simply for their own sakes and for the pleasure of seeing them as they are,—which is, in an intelligent being, natural, and laudable. Nay, and the very desire to see things as they are implies a balance and regulation of mind which is not often attained without fruitful effort, and which is the very opposite of the blind and diseased impulse of mind which is what we mean to blame when we blame curiosity. Montesquieu says: "The first motive which ought to impel us to study is the desire to augment the excellence of our nature, and to render an intelligent being yet more intelligent." This is the true ground

to assign for the genuine sceintific passion, and for culture, viewed simply as a fruit of this passion.

But there is of culture another view, in which not solely the scientific passion, the sheer desire to see things as they are, natural and proper in an intelligent being, appears as the ground of it. There is a view in which all the love of our neighbour, the impulses towards action, help, and beneficence, the desire for removing human error, clearing human confusion, and diminishing human misery, the noble aspiration to leave the world better and happier than we found it,—motives eminently such as are called social, come in as part of the grounds of culture, and the main and pre-eminent part. Culture is then properly described not as having its origin in curiosity, but having its origin in the love of perfection; *it is a study of perfection.* It moves by the force, not merely or primarily of the scientific passion for pure knowledge, but also of the moral and social passion for doing good. As, in the first view of it, we took for its worthy motto Montesquieu's words: "*To render an intelligent being yet more intelligent*," so, in the second view of it, there is no better motto which it can have than these words of Bishop Wilson: "*To make reason and the will of God prevail!*"—(*Mathew Arnold*).

Nobody but an imposter can in these days assume to take all knowledge for his province. Such an encyclopædic purpose as inspired Francis Bacon, even he, perhaps the most gifted of our race, if *he*

could be re-incarnated under modern condition would recognise to be now beyond the dreams of intellectual ambition. But the man whom you turn out as your finished product at the end of his University course ought to be, in Bacon's own phrase, a "full man". Victor Hugo says somewhere, in his grandiose and impressive way, that genius is a promontory which stretches out into the Infinite We cannot lay down laws for genius; that incommunicable gift sets at nought both heredity and environment. But, genius apart, there is much to be said for the old University ideal of the "all-round" man – not the superficial smatterer, who knows something about everything and much about nothing—but one who has not sacrificed to the pursuit of a single dominating interest his breadth of outlook, the zest and range of his intellectual curiosity, his eagerness to know and to assimilate the best that has been and is being thought and written and said about all the things that either contribute to the knowledge or enrich the life of man.—(*Asquith*).

Now it is plain, first, that the *communication of knowledge* certainly is either a condition or the means of that sense of *enlargement* or *enlightenment*, of which at this day we hear so much in certain quarters: this cannot be denied: but next, it is equally plain, that such communication is not the whole of the process. The enlargement consists, not merely in the passive reception into the mind of

a number of ideas hitherto unknown to it, but in the mind's energetic and simltaneous action upon and towards and among those new ideas, which are rushing upon it. It is the action of a formative power, reducing to order and meaning the matter of our acquirements; it is a making the objects of our knowledge subjectively our own, or, to use a familiar word, it is a digestion of what we receive, into the substance of our previous state of thought; and without this no enlargement is said to follow. We feel our minds to be growing and expanding *then*, when we not only learn, but refer what we learn to what we know already. It is not the mere addition to our knowledge that is the illumination; but the *locomotion*, the movement onwards of that mental centre, to which both what we know, and what we are learning, the accumulating mass of our acquirements, gravitates.—(*Newman*).

For culture certainly means something quite different from learning or technical skill. It implies the possession of an ideal, and the habit of critically estimating the value of things by comparison with a theoretic standard. Perfect culture should supply a complete theory of life, based upon a clear knowledge alike of its possibilities and of its limitations. Yet we may strongly dissent from the assumption that literature alone is competent to supply this knowledge. After having learnt all that Greek, Roman, and Eastern antiquity have

thought and said, and all that modern literatures have to tell us, it is not self-evident that we have laid a sufficiently broad and deep foundation for that criticism of life that constitutes culture. Indeed, to any one acquainted with the scope of physical science, it is not at all evident. Considering progress only in the intellectual and spiritual sphere, we cannot admit that either nations or individuals will really advance, if their common outfit draws nothing from the stores of physical science. An army, without weapons of precision, and with no particular base of operations, might more hopefully enter upon a campaign on the Rhine, than a man, devoid of a knowledge of what physical science has done in the last century, upon a criticism of life.—(*Huxley*).

High culture always isolates, always drives men out of their class, and makes it more difficult for them to share naturally and easily the common class-life around them. They seek the few companions who can understand them, and when these are not to be had within a traversable distance, they sit and work alone.—(*Hamerton*).

Culture implies all which gives the mind possession of its own powers, as languages to the critic, telescope to the astronomer. Culture alters the political status of an individual. It raises a rival royalty in a monarchy. 'Tis king against king. It is ever the romance of history in all dynasties—the co-presence of the revolutionary force in intellect.

It creates a personal independence which the monarch cannot look down, and to which he must often succumb.—(*Emerson*).

CIVILISATION.

I live not in myself, but I become
Portion of that around me ; and to me
High mountains are a feeling, but the hum
Of human cities torture.

——————*Byron*.

The truest test of civilisation is not the census, nor the size of cities, nor the crops ; no, but the kind of man the country turns out.—(*Emerson*).

We are but too apt to consider things in the state in which we find them, without sufficiently adverting to the causes by which they have been produced, and possibly may be upheld. Nothing is more certain than that our manners, our civilisation and all the good things which are connected with civilisation, have, in this European world of ours, depended for ages upon two principles, and were indeed the result of both combined—the spirit of a gentleman and the spirit of religion. The nobility and the clergy, the one by profession, the other by patronage, kept learning in existence even in the midst of arms and confusion. Learning paid back what it received to nobility and priesthood and paid it back with usury by enlarging their ideas and furnishing their minds.—(*Burke*).

We shall tell to every citizen of our community, as plainly, simply and beautifully as we can, the New Story of Genesis, the tremendous spectacle of the Universe that Science has opened to us, the flaming beginnings of our world, the vast ages of its making and the astounding unfolding, age after age, of Life. We shall tell of the changing climates of this spinning globe and the coming and going of great floras and faunas, mighty races of living things, until out of the vast, slow process our own kind emerged. And we shall tell the story of our race. How through hundreds of thousands of years it won power over nature, hunted and presently sowed and reaped. How it learnt the secrets of the metals, mastered the riddle of the seasons, and took to the seas. That story of our common inheritance and our slow upward struggle has to be taught throughout our entire community, in the city slums and in the out-of-the-way farmsteads most of all. By teaching it, we restore again to our people the lost basis of a community a common idea of their place in space and time.—(*H. G. Wells*).

Let us imagine ourselves possessed of one of those time-machines of which Mr. H. G. Wells is the inventor. Transported by such means to the Europe of that distant past, could we undertake to beat the record of those cave-men? Clearly all will depend on how many of us, and how much of the apparatus of civilisation, our time-machine is able to accommodate. If it were simply to drop a pair of us, naked

and presumably ashamed, into the midst of the rigours of the great Ice Age, the chances surely are that the unfortunate immigrants must perish within a week. Adam could hardly manage to kindle a fire without the help of matches. Eve would be no less sorely troubled to make clothes without the help of a needle. On the other hand, if the time-machine were as capacious as Noah's Ark, the venture would undoubtedly succeed, presenting no greater difficulty, let us say, the planting of a settlement in Labrador or on the Yukon. Given numbers, specialized labour, tools, weapons, books, domesticated animals and plants, and so forth, the civilized community would do more than hold its own with the prehistoric cave-man, devoid of all such aids to life. Indeed, it is tolerably certain that, willingly or unwillingly, our colonists would soon drive the ancient type of man clean out of existence.—(*R. R. Marett*).

It may at first sight seem strange that society, while constantly moving forward with eager speed, should be constantly looking backward with tender regret. But these two propensities, inconsistent as they may appear, can easily be resolved into the same principle. Both spring from our impatience of the state in which we actually are. That impatience, while it stimulates us to surpass preceding generations, disposes us to overrate their happiness. It is, in some sense, unreasonable and ungrateful in us to be constantly discontented with a condition which is constantly improving. But, in truth, there

is constant discontent. If we were perfectly satisfied with the present, we should cease to contrive, to labour, and to save with a view to the future. And it is natural that, being dissatisfied with the present we should form a too favourable estimate of the past. In truth we are under a deception similar to that which misleads the traveller in the Arabian desert. Beneath the caravan all is dry and bare: but far in advance, and far in the rear, is the semblance of refreshing waters. The pilgrims hasten forward and find nothing but sand where an hour before they had seen a lake. They turn their eyes and see a lake where, an hour before, they were toiling through sand. A similar illusion seems to haunt nations through every stage of the long progress from poverty and barbarism to the highest degrees of opulence and civilisation. But, if we resolutely chase the mirage backward, we shall find it recede before us into the regions of fabulous antiquity.—(*Macaulay*).

Take, on the one hand, the state of primitive man as we know him, from his earliest remains, from the study of the savage and from biological analogy, and compare this state with that of civilized man as we know him to-day, and what are the most striking social and intellectual differences? In the first place, civilised man has so vastly greater a store of knowledge than the savage that the latter seems by comparison to be as naked in mind as he is in body. In the second place, the knowledge of the civilised man

is so organized—arranged and applied—that his power is even greater in comparison with that of the savage than is his knowledge. He weighs the planets and moves mountains, while the savage throws stones and counts to fire. In the third place, whereas the savage lives in small isolated communities, civilized mankind is organized in closely-knit societies of considerable size, which for many purposes form one great whole embracing the earth —(*Marvin*).

Still we live meanly, like ants; though the fable tells us that we were long ago changed into men; like pygmies we fight with cranes; it is error upon error, and clout upon clout, and our best virtue has for its occasion a superfluous and evitable wretchedness. Our life is frittered away by detail. An honest man has hardly need to count more than his ten fingers, or in extreme cases he may add his ten toes, and lump the rest. Simplicity, simplicity, simplicity! Let your affairs be as two or three, and not a hundred or a thousand; instead of a million count half a dozen, and keep your accounts on your thumb nail. In the midst of this chopping sea of civilized life, such are the clouds and storms and quicksands and thousand-and-one items to be allowed for, that a man has to live, if he would not founder and go to the bottom and not make his part at all, by dead reckoning, and he must be a great calculator indeed, who succeeds. Simplify, simplify. Instead of three meals a day, if it be necessary eat but one; instead of a hundred dishes, five; and reduce other things in

proportion. Our life is like a German Confederacy, made up of petty states, with its foundary forever fluctuating, so that even a German cannot tell you how it is bounded at any moment. The nation itself, with all its so-called internal improvements, is just such an unwieldy and overgrown establishment, cluttered with furniture and tripped up by its own traps, ruined by luxury and heedless expense, by want of calculation and a worthy aim, as the million households in the land; and the only cure for it as for them is in a rigid economy, a stern and more than Spartan simplicity of life and elevation of purpose. It lives too fast.—(*Thoreau*).

Anthropologists are convinced that civilised man, in enslaving the forces of nature, has become less of a man than he was before. He has succeeded in partially superseding himself; many of his natural activities are left unused: and in consequence he is neither healthy nor happy. Outraged nature, as Gibbon says, has her occasional revenges; and civilisation is in danger of becoming a systematic and sustained outrage against nature. The German savant sees the remedy in more perfect organisation; in other words, our conquest of our environment is to be made more complete The Englishman advocates the practice of eugenics and of the simple life for those who are willing to submit to this discipline; he has, apparently no hope that the mechanisation of life can ever be turned to the real improvement and happiness of mankind. It may be that as the

German, writing before the cataclysm, under-estimates the disruptive forces in society and proposes to 'heal too slightly' the wounds of modern life, so the Englishman is too ready to assume that the disorders which have followed the war indicate a final break-up of our whole social order. The future will show whether civilisation, as we know it, can be mended or must be ended. The time seems ripe for a new birth of religious and spiritual life, which may re-mould society, as no less potent force would have the strength to do.—(*Dean Inge*).

And what, in God's name, is all this pother about? For what cause do they embitter their own and other people's lives? That a man should publish three or thirty articles a year, that he should finish or not finish his great allegorical picture, are questions of little interest to the world. The ranks of life are full; and although a thousand fall, there are some to go into the breach. When Nature is so careless of the single life, why should we coddle ourselves into the fancy that our own is of exceptional importance?—(*Stevenson*).

CRITICISM.

'Tis not the wholesome sharp morality,
Or modest anger of a satiric spirit,
That hurts or wounds the body of a state,
But the sinister application
Of the malicious, ignorant, and base
Interpreter; who will distort and strain
The general scope and purpose of an author
To his particular and private spleen—*Ben Jonson.*

Doubtless criticism was originally beingnant, pointing out the beauties of a work rather than its defects. The passions of men have made it malignant, as the bad heart of Procrustes turned the bed, the symbol of repose into an instrument of torture.—(*Longfellow*).

These are two equal and eternal ways of looking at this twilight world of ours: we may see it as the twilight of evening or the twilight of morning: we may think of anything, down to a fallen acorn, as a descendant or as an ancestor. There are times when we are almost crushed, not so much with the load of the evil as with the load of the goodness of humanity, when we feel that we are nothing but the inheritors of a humiliating splendour. But there are other times when everything seems primitive, when the ancient stars are only sparks blown from a boy's bonfire, when the whole earth seems so young and experimental that even the white hair of the aged is

like almond-trees that blossom, like the white hawthorn grown in May.—(*Chesterton*).

No artist can set out to capture charm; he will toil all the night and take nothing; but what every artist can and must aim at, is to have a perfectly sincere point of view. He must take his chance as to whether his point of view is an attractive one; but sincerity is the one indispensable thing. It is useless to take opinions on trust, to retail them, to adopt them; they must be formed, created, truly felt. The work of a sincere artist is almost certain to have some value; the work of an insincere artist is of its very nature worthless. * * * If we allow ourselves to be blinded by false conscience, by tradition, by stupidity, even by affection, from realizing what others are, we suffer, as we always suffer from any wilful blindness; indeed, wilful blindness is the most desperate of all faults, perhaps the only one that can hardly be condoned, because it argues a confidence in one's own opinion, a self-sufficiency, a self-estimation, which shut out, as by an opaque and sordid screen, the light of heaven from the soul.—(*A. C. Benson*).

Criticism of the highest kind treats the work of art simply as a starting point for a new creation. It does not confine itself to discovering the real intention of the artist and accepting that as final. And in this it is right, for the meaning of any beautiful created thing is, at least, as much in the soul of him who looks at it, as it was in his soul who

wrought it. Nay, it is rather the beholder who lends to the beautiful things its myriad meanings, and makes it marvellous for us, and sets it in some new relation to the age, so that it becomes a vital portion of our lives, and a symbol of what we pray for, or perhaps, of what, having prayed for, we fear that we may receive.—(*Oscar Wilde*).

People are often able to see the force of arguments that destroy a given opinion, without being able to see the force of arguments for the positive opinion that ought to replace it. They can only be quite sure of seeing both, when they have acquired not merely a conviction that one notion is false and another true, but have furthermore exchanged a generally erroneous way of thinking for a generally correct way. Hence the truly important object with every one who holds opinions which he deems it of the highest moment that others should accept, must obviously be to reach people's general ways of thinking; to stir their love of truth; to penetrate them with a sense of the difference in the quality of evidence; to make them willing to listen to criticism and new opinion; and perhaps above all to teach them to take ungrudging and daily trouble to clear up in their minds the exact sense of the terms they use.—(*Lord Morley*).

Criticism does not mean the passing of adverse judgments. Rather, it is a search for the best and an understanding of the best; and the business of the critic is to use disinterestedly all his insight,

experience, and taste in order to guide us to·what is best in the creative work of others. And if this entails the pruning out of what is weak or slipshod or dangerous, that is a secondary function of criticism. "Literature must be purged of this taint,', said Macaulay as he placed Montgomery in the pillory; but we do not honour Macaulay for keeping him there. And what do we think to-day of Byron for labelling Wordsworth "idiot" and Coleridge "an ass"? Or of the Edinburgh Reviewers of a hundred years ago of their treatment of Keats? The critic must be actuated solely by a love of what is best in literature, or music, or painting, or whatever it may be; and his responsibility is great, for upon his judgment may depend the taste of a whole generation of seekers after truth.—(*Quiller-Couch*).

The usefulness of an opinion is itself matter of opinion: as disputable, as open to discussion, and requiring discussion as much, as the opinion itself. There is the same need of an infallible judge of opinions to decide an opinion to be noxious, as to decide it to be false, unless the opinion condemned has full opportunity of defending itself. And it will not do to say that the heretic may be allowed to maintain the utility or harmlessness of his opinion, though forbidden to maintain its truth. The truth of an opinion is part of its utility If we would know whether or not it is desirable that a proposition

should be believed, is it possible to exclude the consideration of whether or not it is true? * * * And in point of fact, when law or public feeling do not permit the truth of an opinion to be disputed, they are just as little tolerant of a denial of its usefulness. The utmost they allow is an extenuation of its absolute necessity, or of the positive guilt of rejecting it.—(*John Stuart Mill*).

In the whole range of literature nothing is more entertaining and more instructive than sound, legitimate criticism, the disinterested convictions of a man of sensibility, who enters rather into the spirit, than the letter of his author, who can follow him to the height of his compass, and while he sympathizes with every brilliant power and genuine passion of the poet, is not so far carried out of himself as to indulge his admiration at the expense of his judgment, but who can afford us the double pleasure of being first pleased with his author, and secondly with himself, for having given us such just and incontrovertible reason for our approbation.—(*Colton*).

Censure and criticism never hurt anybody. If false, they can't hurt you unless you are wanting in manly character; and if true, they show a man his weak points, and forewarn him against failure and trouble.—(*Gladstone*).

DEATH.

All buildings are but monuments of death,
All clothes but winding-sheets for our last knell,
All dainty fattings for the worms beneath,
All curious music but our passing bell:
Thus death is nobly waited on, for why?
All that we have is but death's livery.—
Shirley.

A Grecian philosopher being asked why he wept for the death of his son, since the sorrow was in vain, replied, "I weep on that account". And his answer became his wisdom. It is only for sophists to contend, that we, whose eyes contain the fountains of tears need never give way to them. It would be unwise not to do so on some occasions. Sorrow unlocks them in her balmy moods. The first bursts may be bitter and overwhelming; but the soil on which they pour, would be worse without them. They refresh the fever of the soul—the dry misery which parches the countenance into furrows, and renders us liable to our most terrible "flesh-quakes".—(*Leigh Hunt*).

Nature calls us to meditate of death by those things which are the instruments of acting it; and God by all the variety of His providence, makes us see death everywhere, in all variety of circumstances, and dressed up for all the fancies, and the expectation of every single person. Nature hath given us

one harvest every year, but death hath two; and the spring and the autumn send throngs of men and women to charnel-houses; and all the summer long, men are recovering from their evils of the spring, till the dog-days come, and then the Sirian star makes the summer deadly; and the fruits of autumn are laid up for all the year's provision, and the man that gathers them eats and surfeits, and dies and needs them not, and himself is laid up for eternity; and he that escapes till winter, only stays for another opportunity, which the distempers of that quarter minister to him with great variety. Thus death reigns in all the portions of our time.—(*Jeremy Taylor*).

When the universal music has led lovers into the path of dalliance, confident of nature's sympathy, suddenly the air shifts into a minor, and death makes a clutch from his ambuscade below the bed of marriage. For death is given a kiss; the dearest kindnesses are fatal; and into this life, where one thing preys upon another, the child too often makes its entrance from the mother's corpse. It is no wonder, with so traitorous a scheme of things, if the wise people who created for us the idea of Pan thought that of all fears the fear of him was the most terrible since it embraces all. And still we preserve the phrase: a panic terror. To reckon dangers too curiously, to hearken too intently for the threat that runs through all the winning music of the world, to hold back the hand from the rose

because of the thorn and from life because of death: this is it is to be afraid of Pan.—(*Stevenson*).

We are so accustomed to regard death from such wrong angles and in such defective light that we often fail to see the many benefits it confers on life. Tradition has taught us to look upon death as an inevitable evil. True vision will show us that, without death, life would lose many of its subtler beauties. Our mortality is a provision necessary for the transmission of life. If there were no death, neither you who read these words nor I who write them would ever have walked this earth; for long before we were ushered into life the world would have been filled to overflowing with a jostling crowd of human beings, cursed with the gift of physical immortality, and there would have been no elbow room for more. Death makes possible the transferrence of life, with all its opportunities, from one generation to another. Death gives life dynamic. If man knew that his days on earth were to be endless, if he were conscious that he would still persist, through infinite aeons of time, with the same body and the same faculties as he has to-day, a denizen of the same earth, all incentive to bestir himself except to seek food and clothing would be lost. There would be no desire to make his mark in the world; no stimulating ambition to leave the world a little better than he found it; no hungry aspiration to be remembered after he is dead—for death is not to lay hands upon him. If there were no death, life would become a

thing stagnant, monotonous and unspeakably burdensome.

Practically all the progress that man has made is due to the fact that he is mortal. He has recognised that he is in this world only for a little while, and this knowledge has been a goad to stimulate him to make diligent use of whatever talents he is endowed with. The secrets of Nature have been wrested from her grudging fingers by men who, knowing they were mortal, have sought to comprehend the mysteries of the world around them in the hope that knowledge might enable them, if not to circumvent death, at least to ameliorate the asperities of life for themselves and others. The consciousness of his finite life has compelled man to overcome his natural inertia, with the result that he ceases to live an entirely vegetative existence.—(*Robert Mackenna*).

Death, which hates and destroys man, is believed; God, who hath made him and loves him is always deferred : "I have considered", says Solomon "all the works that are under the sun, and, behold, all is vanity and vexation of spirit:" but who believes it till death tells it us? It was Death which opening the conscience of Charles the Fifth made him enjoin his son Philip to restore Navarre ; and King Francis the First of France, to command that justice should be done upon the murderers of the Protestants in Merindol and Cabrieres, which till then he neglected. It is therefore Death alone that can suddenly make

man to know himself. He tells the proud and insolent that they are but objects, and humble them at the instant, makes them cry, complain, and repent, yea even to hate their forepast happiness. He takes the account of the rich, and proves him a beggar, a naked beggar, who has interest in nothing but in the gravel that fills his mouth. He holds a glass before the eyes of the most beautiful, and makes them see therein their deformity and rottenness, and they acknowledge it.—(*Sir Walter Raleigh*)..

There is a duty of bravery the same as there is a bravery many times in duty. It's the duty, and it should be the pleasure, of each while here to think bravely and to live bravely straight through to the end. It's the manly and the womanly thing to do—and besides it pays. To take captive the best things in life we must proceed always through the channel of brave, intrepid thought. It was Maeterlinck who said : " The happiest man is he who best understands his happiness, and he who understands it best is he who knows profoundly that his happiness is only divided from sorrow by a lofty, unwearying, humane, and courageous view of life. " The way we approach the daily problems of life will in practically every case determine their outcome. We will then inoculate our minds with the germs of happiness ; it is just as easy, when we get the habit, as to have them inoculated with the germs of fear or worry or discontent—and the results are always better.—(*Trine*).

And as we dwell, we living things, in our isle of terror and under the imminent hand of death, God forbid it should be man the erected, the reasoner, the wise in his own eyes—God forbid it should be man that wearies in well-doing, that despairs of unrewarded effort, or utters the language of complaint. Let it be enough for faith, that the whole creation groans in mortal frailty, strives with unconquerable constancy : Surely not all in vain.—(*Stevenson*).

DRAMA.

The stage but echoes back the public voice;
The drama's laws, the drama's patrons give,
For we that live to please, must please to live.

—*Johnson.*

The drama embraces and applies all the beauties and decorations of poetry. The sister arts attend and adorn it. Painting, architecture, and music are her handmaids. The costliest lights of a people's intellect burn at her show. All ages welcome her.—(*Willmott*).

The drama, so long and bitterly condemned by the puritanical, is not only one of the world's oldest and noblest arts, but one that had its origin in religious worship. The art, which produced in

Shakespeare the greatest genius of all time, was in ancient Greece an evolution of pagan ceremonial, and in its modern revival it might be described as a graft on the priestly propaganda of medieval times. Let us be clear on this point: the art of the dramatist, in both the ancient and the modern world, has attracted the mightiest intellects ever devoted to creative literature, and, in proportion to the whole body of the drama, the works of absolute genius which it contains outnumber those in any other division of literature.

It is necessary to state this in the most emphatic manner, as a measure of prejudice against everything associated with the theatre still endures; the legacy, on one side, of puritanism, and the outcome, on the other, of the sterility of our stage throughout most of the Victorian era. Of late years and despite the set back which it received during the period of the Great War, the English drama, in a literary sense, has been showing signs of renewed strength. Still, it is mainly to the printed page and not to the theatre that we must turn to study the drama. It may be said that this is as it should be, since the dramatist, not less than any other poet, is for the study. But the fact remains that what is called 'a drama for the closet' is no drama at all; the play which cannot be acted isf or that reason no play, and equally, the play which is only tolerable when acted is not literature.—(*Hammerton*).

We must regard the drama on the ground where it was formed, namely, in the mind of its authors. What was going on in these minds? What sorts of ideas were born there, and how were they born? They see the event, whatever it be, and they see it as it is; they have it written themselves, with its persons and details, beautiful and ugly, even dull and grotesque. * * * The endless myriads of circumstances which accompany and obscure every event, crowd round that event in their heads, and not merely the externals, that is, the sensible and picturesque traits, the particular colours and costumes, but also, and chiefly, the internals, that is, the motions of anger and joy, the secret tumult of the soul, the ebb and flow of ideas and passions which darken the face, swell the veins, and make the teeth grind, the fists clench, which urge or restrain a man. They see all the details, the tides that sway a man, one from without, another from within, one over another, one within another, both together without faltering and without ceasing. And what is this vision but sympathy, an imitative sympathy, which puts us in another's place, which carries over their agitations to our own breasts, which makes our life a little world, able to reproduce the great one in abstract? Like the characters they imagine, poets and spectators make gestures, raise their voices, act. No speech or story can show their inner mood, but it is the getting up of the play which can manifest it.—(*Taine*).

Aristotle laid it down that action was the first element in tragedy, character the second. To-day the order is reversed. Action is important only as an expression and moulder of character. But though secondary to character it is vital to drama. No play can exist without it. The impulse to action is desire; the mainspring of drama is conflict, the result of the attempt to satisfy desire meeting with opposition or resistance. Conflict may be between two personages or two groups of personages, or it may take place in the soul of the protagonist. The conflict consists of a crescendo of minor crises which culminates in a climax or major crisis in which the fate of the combatants is decided; in tragedy, however, the ultimate issue is often left uncertain. In comedy the climax comes nearer the end than in tragedy, as the interest is not so much in the conflict itself as it is in its result. Once that is decided interest can be maintained only with difficulty.—(*Downs*).

The modern play climbs to its culmination by a series of interruptions or crises. The modern playwright tries to end his acts at an arresting or splendid moment, artfully delayed, and carefully prepared. He tries to end his play by a gradual knitting together of all the energies of his characters into a situation, happier or more haunting, than any that has preceded it in the course of the action. The art

by which this is done, when it is done, is called *dramatic construction.*

In the art of the theatre a mistake in the choice of the form or in the right handling of it when chosen, leads infallibly to the irritation of the audience and the failure of the play. When a play is badly constructed the actors cannot so interpret the author's emotion that it will dominate the collective emotion in the audience. * * In the theatre, inspiration without art is as a sounding brass or as a tinkling cymbal. * * * During the last thirty years there has been a tendency towards naturalism in the theatre. Modern audiences have learned not to care for poetry on the stage unless it is made 'natural' by realistic scenery. Modern audiences are accustomed to the modern forms of dramatic construction, which are unlike the Elizabethan forms. They know that modern playwrights put a strong scene at the end of an act and a great scene at the end of a play. They have learned to expect a play to be arranged in that manner, and to count as ill-constructed the play not so arranged.—(*John Masefield*).

The stage is an epitome, a bettered likeness of the world, with the dull part left out: and, indeed, with this omission, it is nearly big enough to hold all the rest. How many fine gentlemen do we owe to the stage! How many romantic lovers are mere Romeos in masquerade! How many soft bosoms have heaved

with Juliet's sighs! They teach us when to laugh and when to weep, when to love and when to hate, upon principle and with a good grace! Whenever there is a play-house, the world will go on not amiss. The stage not only refines the manners, but it is the best teacher of morals, for it is the truest and most intelligible picture of life. It stamps the image of virtue on the mind by first softening the rude materials of which it is composed, by a sense of pleasure. It regulates the passions, by giving a loose to the imagination. It points out the selfish and the depraved to our detestation; the amiable and generous to our admiration; and if it clothes the more seductive vices with the borrowed graces of wit and fancy, even these graces operate as a diversion to the coarser poison of experience and bad example, and often prevent or carry off the infection by inoculating the mind with a certain taste and elegance.—(*Hazlitt*).

The drama is not a mere copy of nature, not a facsimile. It is the free running hand of genius, under the impression of its liveliest wit or most passionate impulses, a thousand times adoring or feeling all as it goes; and you must read it, as the healthy instinct of audiences almost always does, if the critics will let them alone, with a grain of allowance, and a tendency to go away with as much of it for use as is necessary, and the rest for the luxury of laughter, pity, or poetical admiration—(*Leigh Hunt*).

DREAMS.

In this world of dreams, I have chosen my
part.
To sleep for a season and hear no word
Of true love's truth or of light love's
art,
Only the song of a secret bird.—*Swinburne.*

Dreams are the bright creatures of poem and legend, who sport on the earth in the night season, and melt away with the first beam of the sun, which lights grim care and stern reality in their daily pilgrimage through the world.—(*Dickens*).

All day long this world lies open to us; ay, and other worlds also, if we will but have it so; and when night comes we pass into the kingdom and power of the dark. * * * Shut in by the intangible dark, we are brought up against those worlds within worlds bolted out by our concrete daily life. The working of the great microcosm at which we peer dimly through the little window of Sciences; the wonderful, breathing earth; the pulsing, throbbing sap; the growing fragrance shut in the calyx of to-morrow's flower; the heart beat of a sleeping world that we dream that we know; and around, above, and interpenetrating all, the world of dreams, of angels and of spirits.—(*Michael Fairless*).

It is a delicious moment certainly—that of being well neslted in bed, and feeling that you shal

drop gently to sleep. The good is to come, not past ; the limbs have been just tired enough to render the remaining in one posture delightful: the labour of the day is done. A gentle failure of the perceptions comes creeping over one:—the spirit of consciousness disengages itself more and more, with slow and hushing degrees, like a mother detaching her hand from that of her sleeping child;—the mind seems to have a balmy lid closing over it, like the eye;—' tis closing;—'tis more closing;—'tis closed. The mysterious spirit has gone to take its airy rounds.—(*Leigh Hunt.*)

Coleridge thus describes the circumstances under which the fragment called 'Kubla Khan' was composed:—He had fallen asleep in his chair while reading in Purcha's Pilgrimage of a palace built by Khan Kubla, and remained in that state for three hours; during which he could not have composed less than from 200 to 300 lines, if that can be called composition in which all the images rose up before him as things, with a parallel production of the correspondent expressions, without any sensation or consciousness of effort. On awakening he instantly sat down to commit the poem to paper. After he had written the lines subsequently published, he was interrupted for a time, and when he returned to the task the poem had vanished from his memory. The cause of this coherency no doubt is, that when we are awake the attention is more liable to be

withdrawn from the train of ideas by external objects. Generally, however, dreams are wanting in coherency; all probabilities and possibilities of time, place, and circumstances are violated. Nothing is more common than for the mind in dreams to combine objects and events which could have had no associated existence. The faces of friends long since dead, and events long since past rise before us sometimes with more intense vividness than in real existence, and cause no surprise by their incongruity, because the mind views them without the association of ideas which, in a waking state, would place them at such a distance from the present time that no cognizance could be taken of them except as very remote events. It is the belief we for the time possess that these trains of ideas are *sensations* that removes all sense of surprise and incongruity.—(*Annandale.*)

It would be curious, as illustrating the equality of sleep, to inquire how many of its phenomena are common to all classes, to all degrees of wealth and poverty, to every grade of education and ignorance. Here, for example, is Her Majesty Queen Victoria in her palace, this present blessed night, and here is Winking Charley, a sturdy vagrant, in one of Her Majesty's Jails. Her Majesty has fallen, many thousands of times, from that same Tower, which *I* claim a right to tumble off now and then. So has Winking Charley. * * * Her

Majesty is no stranger to a vault or firmament, of a sort of floorcloth, with an indistinct pattern distantly resembling eyes, which occasionally obtrudes itself on her repose. Neither am I. Neither is Winking Charley. It is quite common to all three of us to skim along with airy strides a little above the ground; also to hold, with the deepest interest, dialogues with various people, all represented by ourselves; and to be at our wit's end to know what they are going to tell us; and to be indescribably astonished by the secrets they disclose. It is probable that we have all three committed murders and hidden bodies. If is pretty certain that we have all desperately wanted to cry out, and have had no voice, that we have all gone to the play and not been able to get in, that we have all dreamed much more of our youth than of our later lives.—(*Dickens*).

Suddenly would come a tumultuous dream commencing with a music of preparation and of awakening suspense. The undulations of fast-gathering tumults were like the opening of the Coronation Anthem; and like *that*, gave the feeling of a multitudinous movement, of infinite cavalcades filing off, and the tread of innumerable armies. The morning was come of a mighty-day—a day of crisis and of ultimate hope for human nature, then suffering mysterious eclipse, and labouring, in some dread extremity. Somewhere, somehow, by some beings,

a battle, a strife, an agony was travelling through all its stages—was evolving itself, like the catastrophe of some mighty drama, with which my sympathy was the more unsupportable, from deepening confusion as to its local scene, its cause, its nature, and its undecipherable issue. * * * I had the power, if I could raise myself to will it; and yet again had not the power, for the weight of twenty Atlantics was upon me, or the oppression of inexpiable guilt. "Deeper than ever plumet sounded," I lay inactive. Then like a chorus, the passion deepened. Some greater interest was at stake, some mightier cause, than ever yet the sword had pleaded, or trumpet had proclaimed. Then came sudden alarms; hurryings to and fro; trepidations of innumerable fugitives; darkness and lights; tempest and human faces; and at last, with the sense that all was lost, female forms, and the features that were worth all the world to me; and but a moment allowed—and clasped hands, with heart-breaking partings, and then—everlasting farewells! and, with a sigh such as the caves of hell sighed when the incestuous mother uttered the abhorred name of Death, the sound was reverberated —everlasting farewells! and again, and yet again reverberated-everlasting farewells!—(*De Quincey*).

In dreams we are true poets; we create the persons of the drama; we give them appropriate figures, faces, costumes; they are perfect in their

organs, attitudes, manners; moreover they speak after their own characters, not ours; and we listen with surprise to what they say.—(*Emerson.*)

Education.

A little learning is a dangerous thing,
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian Spring,
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.—
Pope.

If we work upon marble, it will perish; if we work upon brass, time will efface it, if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust! but if we work upon immortal minds, if we imbue them with principles, with the just fear of God and love of our fellow-men, we engrave on those tablets something which will brighten to all eternity.—(*Daniel Webster.*)

Whatever advantages we possess in the present day in the diffusion of education and of literature, can only be rightly used by any of us when we have apprehended clearly what education is to lead to, and literature to teach. Both well-directed moral training and well-chosen reading lead to the possession of a power over the ill-guided and illiterate, which is, according to the measure of it, in the truest sense, *kingly*, conferring indeed the purest kingship that can exist among men; too many other kingships being either spectral, or

tyrannous; spectral—that is to say, aspects and shadows only of royalty, hollow as death, and which only the "likeness of a kingly crown have on:" or else—tyrannous—that is to say, substituting their own will for the law of justice and love by which all true kings rule.—(*Ruskin*).

It is the duty of Government to protect our persons and property from danger. The gross ignorance of the common people is a principal cause of danger to our persons and property. Therefore, it is the duty of the Government to take care that the common people shall not be grossly ignorant. And what is the alternative? It is universally allowed that, by some means, Government must protect our persons and property. If you take away education, what means do you leave? You leave means such as only necessity can justify, means which inflict a fearful amount of pains, not only on the guilty, but on the innocent who are connected with the guilty. You have guns and bayonets, stocks and whipping-posts, treadmills, solitary cells, penal colonies, gibbets. See then how the case stands. Here is an end which Governments are bound to attain. There are only two ways of attaining it One of those ways is by making men better, and wiser, and happier. The other way is by making them infamous and miserable. Can it be doubted which we ought to pefrer? Is it not strange, is it not almost incredi-

ble, that pious and benevolent men should gravely propound the doctrine that the magistrate is bound to punish and at the same time bound not to teach? Whoever had a right to hang has a right to educate. Can we think without shame and remorse that more than half of those wretches who have been tied up at Newgate in our time might have been living happily, that more than half of those who are now in our jails might have been enjoying liberty and using that liberty well, that such a hell on earth as Norfolk Island need never have existed, if we had expended in training honest men but a small part of what we have expended in hunting and torturing rogues.—(*Macaulay*).

If then a practical end must be assigned to a University course, it is that of training good members of Society. Its art is the art of social life, and its end is fitness for the world. It neither confines its views to particular professions on the one hand, nor creates heroes or inspires genius in the other. Works indeed of genius fall under no art; heroic minds come under no rule; a University is not a birthplace of poets or of immortal authors, of founders of schools, leaders of colonies or conquerors of nations. It does not promise a generation of Aristotles or Newtons, of Napoleons or Washingtons, of Raphaels or Shakespeares, though such miracles of nature it has before now contained within its precincts. Nor is it content on the other

hand with forming the critic or the experimentalist, the economist or the engineer, though such too it includes within its scope. But a University training is the great ordinary means to a great but ordinary end; it aims at raising the intellectual tone of society, at cultivating the public mind, at purifying the national taste, at supplying true principles to popular enthusiasm and fixed aims to popular aspiration, at giving enlargement and sobriety to the ideas of the age, at facilitating the exercise of political power, and refining the intercourse of private life. It is the education which gives a man a clear conscious view of his own opinions and judgments, a truth in developing them, an eloquence in expressing them, and a force in urging them. It teaches him to see things as they are, to go right to the point, to disentangle a skein of thought, to detect what is sophistical, and to discard what is irrelevant.—(*Newman*).

If education is not to be useful, we had better close our schools atonce. The idealist says, "Never mind the use; get the best educational instrument for the training of the mind, and, when you have finished your work, the mind will be bright and strong, and capable of discharging any labour." That is a beautiful theory; but it is not borne out by results; and one of the reasons of the profound disbelief which is rapidly spreading in the country with regard to our public schools, is that we send

out so many boys, not only without intellectual life, but not even capable of humble usefulness. These theorists continue to talk of classics as a splendid gymnastic, but in their hands it becomes a rack; instead of leaving the limbs supple and well-knit, they are strained, disjointed, and feeble. Even the flower of our classical system are too often left without any original power of expression; critical, fastidious minds, admiring erudition, preferring the elucidation of second-rate authors to the study of the best.—(*A. C. Benson*).

To cram a lad's mind with infinite names of things which he never handled, places he never saw or will see, statement of facts which he cannot possibly understand, and must remain merely words to him—this is like loading his stomach with marbles. It is wonderful what a quantity of things of this kind a quick boy will commit to memory, how smartly he will answer questions, how he will show off in school inspections, and delight the heart of his master. But what has been gained for the boy himself, let him carry this kind of thing as far as he will, if, when he leaves school, he has to make his own living? Lord Brougham once said he hoped a time would come when every man in England would read Bacon. William Cobbett said he would be contented if a time came when every man in England would eat bacon.—(*Froude*).

Do not let us narrow down our ideas of Uni-

versity education to the possibility of a certain number of intelligent youths passing a certain number of difficult examinations. That is good, that is necessary; but that is not all, nor is it nearly all, that a great University should have in view. In the question of education, apart from the mere examinations, the youths educate each other almost as effectively, and in some respects more effectively, than the education they receive from the Professors, and each one of us who has had the good fortune to be a member of a University, when he looks back upon his collegiate career, must realise that what education he received in the lecture-rooms does not always suffice. Beyond the function of educating the youth there is another function not less important which every University should aim at—that higher function of making men feel themselves the custodians of all that is highest in our civilisation, all that most especially requires to be preserved, cherished, cultivated, not least perhaps because we live in a democratic age.—(*Balfour*).

The quantity of accurate observation—of induction, and of deduction too; of reasoning from the known to the unknown; of inferring; the nicety of appreciation of the like and the unlike, the common and the rare, the odd and the even; the skill of the rough and the smooth—of form, of appearance, of texture, of weight, of all the minute

and deep philosophies of the touch and of the other senses,—the amount of this sort of objective knowledge which every child of eight years has acquired—especially if he can play in the lap of nature and out of doors—and acquired for life, is, if we could only think of it, marvellous beyond any of our mightiest marches of intellect. Now, could we only get the knowledge of the school to go as sweetly and deeply and clearly into the vitals of the mind as this self-teaching has done, we should make the young mind grow as well as learn, and be in understanding a man as well as in simplicity a child; we should get rid of much of that dreary, sheer endurance of their school-hours—that stolid lending of ears that do not hear—that objectless looking without ever once seeing, and straining their minds without an aim.—(*Dr. Brown*).

A statue lies hid in a block of marble, and the art of the statuary only clears away the superfluous matter and removes the rubbish. The figure is in the stone; the sculptor only finds it. What sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to a human soul. The philosopher, the saint, or the hero,—the wise, the good, or the great man,—very often lies hid and concealed in a plebian, which a proper education might have disinterred, and have brought to light.—(*Addison.*)

FICTION.

He loved the twilight that surrounds
The border-land of old romance;
Where glitter hauberk, helm, and lance,
And banner waves, and trumpet sounds,
And ladies ride with hawk on wrist,
And mighty warriors sweep along,
Magnified by the purple mist,
The dusk of centuries and of song.—(*Long-fellow.*

The importance of the romantic element does not rest upon conjecture. Pleasing testimonies abound. Hannah More traced her earliest impressions of virtue to works of fiction; and Adam Clarke gives a list of tales that won his boyish admiration. Books of entertainment led him to believe in a spiritual world; and he felt sure of having been a coward, but for romances. He declared that he had learned more of his duty to God, his neighbour and himself from Robinson Crusoe than from all the books, except the Bible, that were known to his youth.—(*Willmott.*)

The most influential books, and the truest in their influence, are works of fiction. They do not pin the reader to a dogma; which he must afterwards discover to be inexact; they do not teach him a lesson, which he must afterwards unlearn. They repeat, they rearrange, they clarify the lessons of life; they disengage us from ourselves, they con-

strain us to the acquaintance of others; and they show us the web of experience, not as we can see it for ourselves, but with a singular change—that monstrous, consuming *ego* of ours being, for the nonce, struck out. To be so, they must be reasonably true to the human comedy; and any work that is so serves the turn of instruction.—(*Stevenson.*)

There are fashions in the array of thoughts as there are fashions in corporeal coverings; and as it would be a bold undertaking to explain the causes of the time-variations in the length of men's coats and the diameter of women's hats, so even, the most philosophical historian cannot fully account for the occasional predominance of certain literary forms. Even some literary *material* actually vanishes; scholastic speculation that filled many folios, seems extinct. But the chief material of literature is human nature, which never changes; poets, dramatists, novelists, satirists focus their attention on man's thoughts, and loves and hates. It is the fashion of expression that varies; it is rather interesting to reflect that not merely the mob of professional scribblers, who produce what to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, but inspired men of genius interpreted human life by means of the drama and the sonnet in 1600, by the heroic couplet in 1700 and by the novel in 1900. Twentieth century publishers are not eagerly looking

for theology in verse; yet two hundred years ago theological poetry was a sure card. Pope's *Essay on Man* sold off as sensationally as Winston Churchill's *The Inside of the Cup*. Pope and Mr. Churchill had one thing in common besides success —an accurate flair for public taste.—(*Phelps.*)

With the coming of George Meredith and Thomas Hardy the Form of the novel, springing straight from the shores of France, where *Madame Bovary* and *Une Vie* showed what might be done by taking trouble, grew into a question of considerable import. Robert Louis Stevenson showed how important it was to say things agreeably, even when you had not very much to say. Henry James showed that there was so much to say about everything that you could not possibly get to the end of it, and Rudyard Kipling showed that the great thing was to see things as they were. At the beginning of the nineties everyone was immensely busied over the way that things were done. The *Yellow Book* sprang into a bright existence, flamed, and died. "Art for Art's sake" was slain by the trial of Oscar Wilde in 1895. Mr. Wells, in addition to fantastic romances, wrote stories about shop assistants and knew something about biology. The Fabian Society made socialism entertaining. Mr. Bernard Shaw foreshadowed a new period and the Boer War completed an old one.—(*Hugh Walpole*).

But to-day we are no longer materialistic. The

limitations of science are freely admitted. The vision has returned. The younger women novelists of these latter days have discarded the dust and ashes. They are no longer content with what "just happens," or just how men look. They will not interpret old age by counting its wrinkles, or home-life by fly-stains on the wall-paper. They do not find all London at a night-club, or in the seats on the Embankment; all country-folk in the muck-heap. Their emotions are not all stirred by drugs and drabs. Yet they, too, are seeking for truth: and their courage is unflinching. Many, perhaps, are prepared to admit that they have not yet found her, only they know where to look. Beneath the surface, behind the veil, within the soul; there is a meaning. So far we accept romance: but we must take out, not put in, observe, not imagine; reveal, not create. This is the real realism; to reflect reality: the spiritual truth of things which is life and character. The new seekers are not more afraid of pain and ugliness than the problem-weavers; they are no less resolute to expose: but they also respect beauty and goodness, they know that it is quite possible to be gloriously happy with your eyes wide open; they do not confuse idealism with cant.—(*Brimley Johnson*).

The foundations of the novel are to be sought, not in the writers of romance, but in the followers of other branches of literature, often remote

enough from fiction, in satirists and allegorists, newspaper scribes and biographers, writers of trave' and adventure, and fashionable comic playwrights For the novel least of all forms of literature can boast a pure extraction; it is of mixed and often disreputable ancestry; and the novelist derives his inspiration, as well as his material, not chiefly from the pages of his predecessors in the art, but from the life of his time and the literate that springs directly from that life, whether it be a broadside or a blue-book.—(*Walter Raleigh*).

Legitimately produced, and truly inspired, fiction interprets humanity, informs the understanding, and quickens the affections. It reflects ourselves, warns us against prevailing social follies, adds rich specimens to our cabinets of character, dramatizes life for the unimaginative, daguerreotypes it for the unobservant, multiplies experience for the isolated or inactive, and cheers age, retirement and invalidism with an available and harmless solace.—(*Tuckerman*).

As long as novels last, and authors aim at interesting their public, there must always be in the story a virtuous and gallant hero; a wicked monster, his opposite; and a pretty girl, who finds a champion. Bravery and virtue conquer beauty; and vice after seeming to triumph through a certain number of pages, is sure to be discomfited in the last volume, when justice overtakes him, and honest folks come by their own.—(*Thackeray*).

FRIENDSHIP.

When true friends meet in adverse hour,
'Tis like a sunbeam through a shower;
A watery ray an instant seen,
The darkly closing clouds between.—*Scott.*

Friendship is the unspeakable joy and blessing that result to two or more individuals who from constitution sympathise. Such natures are liable to no mistakes, but will know each other through thick and thin. Between two by nature alike and fitted to sympathize, there is no veil, and there can be no obstacle.—(*Thoreau*).

How were friendship possible? In mutual devotedness to the good and true; otherwise impossible, except as armed neutrality or hollow commercial league. A man, be the heavens ever praised, is sufficient for himself; yet were ten men, united in love, capable of being and of doing what ten thousand singly would fail in. Infinite is the help man can yield to man.—(*Carlyle*).

Few of us have been so exceptionally unfortunate as not to find, in our own age, some experienced friend who has helped us by precious counsel, never to be forgotten. We cannot render it in kind, but perhaps in the fulness of time it may become our noblest duty to aid another as we have ourselves been aided, and to transmit to him an invaluable treasure, the tradition of the intellectual life.—(*Hamerton*).

Much certainly of the happiness and purity of our lives depends on our making a wise choice of our companions and friends. If badly chosen they will inevitably drag us down; if well they will raise us up. Yet many people seem to trust in this matter to the chapter of accident. It is well and right, indeed, to be courteous and considerate to every one with whom we are brought into contact, but to choose them as real friends is another matter. Some seem to make a man a friend, or try to do so, because he lives near, because he is in the same business, travels on the same line of railway, or for some other trivial reason. There cannot be a greater mistake. These are only, in the words of Plutarch, 'the idols and images of friendship.' But though one cannot be friends with every one, it is better to be friendly than unfriendly, and those who have ever really loved anyone will have some tenderness for all. There is indeed some good in most men. 'I have heard much', says Mr. Nasmyth in his charming autobiography, 'about the ingratitude and selfishness of the world. It may have been my good fortune, but I have never experienced either of these unfeeling conditions.'—(*Lord Avebury*).

The strength of our passions and the real tenderness of our nature are unknown even to ourselves; we resemble the clay statue which waits the masters' touches to mould it into a hero or a slave, into

something godlike or something debased. It is ill for us, perhaps, to come into contact with a will stronger than our own, for then we submit unresistingly to its guidance; it is worse to meet with one which readily acknowledges a superiority in ourselves, for then we lose that moral check and support we seriously need. The dangers that in either case surround us are not the less because we do not easily discover them, and can be neutralised only by a discretion which young men are slow to exhibit. How strange it is that while a man will display the most anxious vigilance in choosing a horse, demanding a warranty, and closely criticising its points, he will take to himself a friend without the pretence of an enquiry into his antecedents or his characteristics! He accepts his credentials with implicit confidence, perhaps dispenses with them altogether. A gay, light bearing, a confident manner, a merry laugh, a show of skill or courage; some of us ask no more than this of the man whom we hasten to call our friend. We never ask ourselves what is the object of friendship, or whether in the economy of life it has any value; it never occurs to us that it is perhaps one of the agencies by which the process of self-education may be greatly facilitated. "A faithful friend," says an old writer, "is a strong defence, and he that hath found such an one hath found a treasure." And why? Because "a faithful friend is the medicine of life." We want

of our friend that he shall confirm us in all our good resolves and persuade us out of all our faults and failings; that he shall strengthen in us the love of truth and purity and honour: that he shall warn us when we are straying from the right path and encourage us when our knees are feeble; that in all things he shall help us to live "a life of noblest breath"—(*Adams*).

And, after all, simple, sincere, and kindly persons are apt to find, as Stevenson wisely said, their circle ready-made. The only people who cannot get the friends and companions they want are those who petulantly claim attention; and the worst error of all consists in mistaking the gentle pleasures of life, such as society and intercourse, for the duties of life, and of codifying and formalizing them.—(*A. C. Benson*).

There are many moments in friendship, as in love, when silence is beyond words. The faults of our friend may be clear to us, but it is well to seem to shut our eyes to them. Friendship is usually treated by the majority of mankind as a tough and everlasting thing which will survive all manner of bad treatment. But this is an exceedingly great and foolish error; it may die in an hour of a single unwise word; its conditions of existence are that it should be dealt with delicately and tenderly, being as it is a sensitive plant and not a roadside thistle. We

must not expect our friend to be above humanity.—(*Ouida*).

We learn our virtues from the bosom friends who love us; our faults from the enemy who hates us. We cannot easily discover our real form from a friend. He is a mirror on which the warmth of our breath impedes the clearness of the reflection.—(*Richter*).

GENIUS.

And genius hath electric power,
Which earth can never tame;
Bright suns may scorch, and dark clouds lower—
Its flash is still the same.

—*Lydia M. Child.*

Nature seems to delight in disappointing the assiduities of art, with which it would rear dulness to maturity, and to glory in the vigour and luxuriance of her chance productions. She scatters the seeds of genius to the winds, and though some may perish among the stony places of the world, and some may be choked by the thorns and brambles of early adversity, yet others will now and then strike root even in the clefts of the rock, struggle bravely up into sunshine, and spread over their sterile birthplace all the beauties of vegetation.—(*Washington Irving*).

As a stained window derives its character and

significance from the absorption of a large portion of the rays which endeavour to pass through it, so an age is what it is, not only by reason of what it fosters, but as much, perhaps, by reason of what it destroys. We may conceive, then, that from the total but wholly unknown number of men of productive capacity born in any generation, those whose gifts are in harmony with the tastes of their contemporaries will produce their best; those whose gifts are wholly out of harmony will be extinguished, or, which is very nearly the same thing, will produce only for the benefit of the critics in succeeding generations, while those who occupy an intermediate position will, indeed, produce, but their powers will, consciously or unconsciously, be warped and thwarted, and their creations fall short of what, under happier circumstances, they might have been able to achieve.—(*Balfour*).

To aim at excellence, our reputation, our friends, and our all must be ventured; by aiming only at mediocrity, we run no risk, and we do little service. Prudence and greatness are ever pursuading us to contrary pursuits. The one instructs us to be content with our station, and to find happiness in founding every wish. The other impels us to superiority, and calls nothing happiness but rapture. The one directs us to follow mankind, and to act and think with the rest of the world: The other drives us from the crowd, and exposes us as a

mark to all the shafts of envy or ignorance. The rewards of mediocrity are immediately paid; those attending excellence generally paid in reversion. In a word, the little mind who loves itself, will write and think with the vulgar, but the great mind will be bravely eccentric, and scorn the beaten road, from universal benevolence.—(*Goldsmith*).

The great men of culture are those who have had a passion for diffusing, for making prevail, for carrying one end of society to the other, the best knowledge, the best ideas of their time; who have labored to divest knowledge of all that was harsh, uncouth, difficult, abstract, professional, exclusive; to humanize it, to make it efficient outside the clique of the cultivated and learned, yet still remaining the *best* knowledge and thought of the time, and a true source, therefore, of sweetness and light. Such a man was Abelard in the Middle Ages, in spite of all his imperfections; and thence the boundless emotion and enthusiasm which Abelard excited. Such were Lessing and Herder in Germany, at the end of the last century; and their services to Germany were in this way inestimably precious. Generations will pass, and literary monuments will accumulate, and works far more perfect than the works of Lessing and Herder will be produced in Germany; and yet the names of these two men will fill a German with a reverence and enthusiasm such as the names of the most gifted masters will hardly

awaken. And why? Because they *humanized* knowledge; because they broadened the basis of life and intelligence; because they worked powerfully to diffuse sweetness and light, to make reason and the will of God prevail.—(*Mathew Arnold*).

The very greatest genius, after all, is not the greatest thing in the world, any more than the greatest city in the world is the country or the sky. It is the concentration of some of its greatest powers, but it is not the greatest diffusion of its might. It is not the habit of its success, the stability of its sereneness.—(*Leigh Hunt*).

That very concentration of vision that makes a man an artist, limits by its sheer intensity his faculty of fine appreciation. The energy of creation hurries him blindly on to his own goal. The wheels of his chariot raise the dust as a cloud around him. The gods are hidden from each other. They can recognise their worshippers. That is all—(*Oscar Wilde*).

Genius is constantly produced; but it is only occasionally recognised. In this there must be some truth. A mob orator in Turkey, a religious reformer in seventeenth-century Spain, a military leader in the Sandwich Islands, would hardly get their chance. Yet the theory of opportunity can scarcely be reckoned a complete explanation. For it leaves unaccounted for the *variety* of genius which has in some countries marked epochs of

vigorous national development. Athens in the fifth and fourth centuries, Florence in the fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries, Holland in the later sixteenth and seventeenth centuries are the typical examples. In such periods the opportunities of statesmen, soldiers, orators, and diplomatists, may have been specially frequent. But whence came the poets, the sculptors, the painters, the philosophers, and the men of letters? What peculiar opportunities had *they*? The only explanation if we reject the idea of a mere coincidence, seems to be that, quite apart from opportunity, the exceptional stir and fervour of national life evokes, or may evoke, qualities which in ordinary times lie dormant, unknown even to their possessors. The potential Miltons are "mute" and "inglorious" not because they cannot find a publisher, but because they have nothing they want to publish. They lack the kind of inspiration which, on this view, flows from social surroundings where great things, though of quite another kind, are being done and thought.—(*Balfour*).

All are to be men of genius in their degree,—rivulets or rivers. It does not matter, so that the souls be clear and pure; not dead walls encompassing dead heaps of things, known and numbered, but running waters in the sweet wilderness of things unnumbered and unknown, conscious only of the living banks, on which they partly refresh and parly reflect the flowers, and so pass on.—(*Ruskin*).

Keep always with you, wherever your course may lie, the best and most enduring gift that a University can bestow—the company of great thoughts, the inspiration of great ideals, the example of great achievements, the consolation of great failures. So equipped, you can face, without perturbation, the buffets of circumstance, the caprice of fortune, all the inscrutable vicissitudes of life. Nor can you do better than take as your motto the famous words: "They have said. What say they? Let them say."—(*Asquith*).

GENTLEMAN.

There are some spirits nobly just, unwarped by pelf or pride,
Great in the calm, but greater still when dashed by adverse tide;
They hold the rank no King can give, no station can disgrace;
Nature puts forth her gentleman, and monarchs must give place.—*Eliza Cook.*

A gentleman is a rarer thing than some of us think for. Which of us can point out many such in his circle—men whose aims are generous, whose truth is constant and elevated; who can look the world honestly in the face, with an equal manly sympathy for the great and the small? We all know a hundred whose coats are well made, and a

score who have excellent manners: but of gentlemen how many?—(*Thackeray.*)

We get the word "generosity" from the Latin *generosus*, which means "a gentleman"; and in this way we come to see how courtesy and generosity are nearly identical, and how both are the gifts and graces of a gentleman. The reader will not suppose that generosity means a free use of money. The liberal hand often accompanies a very vulgar nature, whereas only a refined mind is capable of generosity, of the generosity that thinketh no evil, the generosity that defends the feeble and oppressed, the generosity that dismisses unheard the anonymous scandal, the generosity that puts the best construction upon words and deeds, the generosity that never imputes motives, the generosity that fosters suspicions. When Thackeray says that "a gentleman is a rarer man than some of us think for," it is because he knows how rare a quality this noble generosity is. "What is it," he asks, "to be a gentleman? It is to be honest, to be gentle, to be generous, to be brave, to be wise, and, possessing all these qualities, to exercise them in the most graceful outward manner."—(*Adams*).

What it is that constitutes the look of a gentleman is more easily felt than described. We all know it when we see it; but we do not know how to account for it, or to explain in what it constitutes. Ease, grace, dignity have been given as

the exponents and expressive symbols of this look; but an habitual self-possession determines the appearance of a gentleman. He should have the complete command, not only over his countenance, but over his limbs and motions. In other words, he should discover in his air and manner a voluntary power over his whole body, which, with every infliction of it, should be under the control of his will. It must be evident that he looks and does as he likes, without any restraint, confusion, or awkwardness. He is in fact, master of his person, as the professor of any art or science is of a particular instrument; he directs it to what use he pleases and intends. Wherever this power and facility appear, we recognize the look and deportment of the gentleman,—that is, of a person who by his habits and situation in life, and in his ordinary intercourse with society, has had little else to do than to study those movements, and that carriage of the body, which were accompanied with most satisfaction to himself, and were calculated to excite the approbation of the beholder. Ease is not enough; dignity is too much. There must be a certain *retenu*, a conscious decorum, added to the first,—and a certain "familiarity of regard, quenching the austere countenance of control," in the other, to answer to our conception of this character. Perhaps propriety is as near a word as any to denote the manners of the gentleman; elegance is necessary

to the fine gentleman, dignity is proper to noblemen; and majesty to kings!—(*Hazlitt*).

Hence it is that it is almost a definition of a gentleman to say he is one who never inflicts pain. This description is both refined and, as far as it goes, accurate. He is mainly occupied in merely removing the obstacles which hinder the free and unembarrased action of those about him; and he concurs with their movements rather than takes the initiative himself. His benefis may be considered as parallel to what are called comforts or conveniences in arrangements of a personal nature: like an easy chair or a good fire, which do their part in dispelling cold and fatigue, though nature provides both means of rest and animal heat without them. The true gentleman in like manner carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or a jolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast;—all clashing of opinion, or collision of feeling, all restraint, or suspicion, or gloom, or resentment; his great concern being to make every one at their ease and at home. He has his eyes on all his company; he is tender towards the bashful, gentle towards the distant, and merciful toward the absurd; he can recollect to whom he is speaking; he guards against unreasonable allusions, or topics which may irritate; he is seldom prominent in conversation, and never wearisome. He makes light of favours while he does them, and seems to be receiving when he is conferring. He

never speaks of himself except when compelled, never defends himself by a mere retort, he has no ears for slander or gossip, is scrupulous in imputing motives to those who interfere with him, and interprets everything for the best. He is never mean or little in his disputes, never takes advantage, never mistakes personalities or sharp sayings for arguments, or insinuates evil which he dare not say out. From a long-sighted prudence, he observes the maxim of the ancient sage, that we should ever conduct ourselves towards our enemy as if he were one day to be our friend. He has too much good sense to be affronted at insults, he is too well employed to remember injuries, and too indolent to bear malice.—(*Newman*).

For as in nothing is a gentleman better to be discerned from a vulgar person, so in nothing is a gentle nation better to be discerned from a mob, than in this,—that their feelings are constant and just, results of due contemplation, and of equal thought. You can talk a mob into anything; its feelings may be—usually are—on the whole generous and right; but it has no foundation for them, no hold of them; you may tease or tickle it into any, at your pleasure; it thinks by infection, for the most part, catching an opinion like a cold, and there is nothing so little that it will not roar itself wild about, when the fit is on; nothing so great but it will forget in an hour, when the fit is past. But a

gentleman's, or a gentle nation's, passions are just, measured, and continuous.—(*Ruskin.*)

He is like to be mistaken who makes choice of a covetous man for a friend, or relieth upon the reed of narrow and poltroon friendship. Pitiful things are only to be found in the cottages of such breasts; but bright thoughts, clear deeds, constancy, fidelity, bounty and generous honesty are the gems of noble minds, wherein (to derogate from none) the true heroic English gentleman hath no peer.—(*Sir Thomas Browne*).

HEROISM.

Ah, well! the world is discreet;
There are plenty to pause and wait;
But here was a man who set his feet
Sometimes in advance of fate.

* * * * * * *

Suffice it that he never brought
His conscience to the public mart;
But lived himself the truth he taught,
White-souled, clean-handed, pure of heart.—
(*Whittier*).

If we must have heroes and wars wherein to make them, there is no war so brilliant as a war with wrong; no hero so fit to be sung as he who has gained the bloodless victory of truth and mercy.—(*Bushnell.*) Great men need to be lifted upon the

shoulders of the whole world, in order to conceive their great ideas or perform their great deeds : that is, there must be an atmosphere of greatness round about them. A hero cannot be a hero unless in an heroic world.—(*Hawthorne*).

Universal History, the history of what man has accomplished in this world, is at bottom the History of the Great Men who have worked here. They were the leaders of men, those great ones; the modellers, patterns, and in a wide sense creators, of whatsoever the general mass of men contrived to do or to attain; all things that we see standing accomplished in the world are properly the outer material result, the practical realisation and embodiment of Thoughts that dwelt in the Great Men sent into the world : the soul of the whole world's history, it may justly be considered, were the history of these.

We cannot look, however imperfectly, upon a great man, without gaining something by him. He is the living light-fountain, which it is good and pleasant to be near. The light which enlightens, which has enlightened the darkness of the world; and this not as a kindled lamp only, but as a natural luminary shining by the gift of Heaven; a flowing light-fountain, of native original insight, of manhood and heroic nobleness—in whose radiance all souls feel that it is well with them.—(*Carlyle*).

Towards all the external evil, the man within the breast assumes a warlike attitude, and affirms his ability to cope single-hearted, with the infinite army of enemies. To this military attitude of the soul we give the name of Heroism. Its rudest form is the contempt for safety and ease, which makes the attractiveness of war. It is a self-trust which slights the restraints of prudence, in the plenitude of its energy and power to repair the harms it may suffer. The hero is a mind of such balance that no disturbance can shake his will, but pleasantly, and, as it were, merrily, he advances to his own music, alike in frightful alarms and in the tipsy mirth of universal dissoluteness. There is somewhat not philosophical in heroism; there is somewhat not holy in it; it seems not to know that other souls are of one texture with it; it has pride; it is the extreme of individual nature. Nevertheless, we must profoundly revere it. There is somewhat in great actions, which does not allow us to go behind them. Heroism feels and never reasons, and therefore is always right; and although a different breeding, different religion, and greater intellectual activity would have modified or even reversed the particular action, yet for the hero that thing he does is the highest deed, and is not open to the censure of philosophers or divines.

Self-trust is the essence of heroism. It is the state of the soul at war, and its ultimate objects

are the last defiance of falsehood and wrong, and the power to bear all that can be inflicted by evil agents. It speaks the truth, and it is just, generous, hospitable, temperate, scornful of petty calculations, and scornful of being scorned. It persists; it is of an undaunted boldness, and of a fortitude not to be wearied out. Its jest is the littleness of common life. That false prudence which dotes on health and wealth is the butt and merriment of heroism. Heroism, like Plotinus, is almost ashamed of its body. What shall it say, then, to the sugar-plums and cat's cradles, to the toilet, compliments, quarrels, cards, and custard, which rack the wit of all society? What joys has kind nature provided for us dear creatures! There seems to be no interval between greatness and meaness. When the spirit is not master of the world, then it is its dupe. Yet the little man takes the great hoax so innocently, works in it so headlong and believing, is born red, and dies grey, arranging his toilet, attending on his own health, laying traps for sweet food and strong wine, setting his heart on a horse or a rifle, made happy with a little gossip or a little praise, that the great soul cannot choose but laugh at such earnest nonsense.—(*Emerson.*)

The Hero is he who lives in the inward sphere of things, in the True, Divine and Eternal, which exists always, unseen to most, under the Temporary, Trivial; his being is in that; he declares that

abroad, by act or speech as it may be, in declaring himself abroad. His life is a piece of the everlasting heart of Nature herself: all men's life is,—but the weak many know not the fact, and are untrue to it, in most times; the strong few are strong, heroic, perennial, because it cannot be hidden from them. The Man of Letters, like every Hero, is there to proclaim this in such sort as he can. Intrinsically it is the same function which the old generations named a man Prophet, Priest, Divinity for doing, which all manner of Heroes, by speech or by act, are sent into the world to do.—(*Carlyle*).

Never was there a time, in the history of the world, when moral heroes were more needed. The world waits for such, the Providence of God has commanded science to labour and prepare the way for such. For them she is laying her iron tracks, and stretching her wires, and bridging the oceans. But where are they? Who shall breathe into our civil and political relations the breath of a higher life? Who shall touch the eyes of a paganized science, and of a pantheistic philosophy, that they may see God? Who shall consecrate to the glory of God the triumphs of science? Who shall bear the life-boat to the stranded and perishing nations.—(***Mark Hopkins.***)

But we cannot think too highly of our nature, nor too humbly of ourselves. When we see the martyr to virtue, subject as he is to the infirmities

of a man, yet suffering the tortures of a demon, and bearing them with the magnanimity of a God, do we not behold a heroism that angels may indeed surpass, but which they cannot imitate and must admire.—(*Colton.*)

HISTORY.

Historians, only things of weight,
Results of persons, or affairs of state,
Briefly, with truth and clearness should relate;
Laconic shortness memory feeds.—(*Heath.*)

The history of the past is a mere puppet-show. A little man comes out and blows a little trumpet, and goes in again. You look for something new, and lo! another little man comes out, and blows another little trumpet, and goes in again. And it is all over.—(*Longfellow*).

In the mythological period there is no historical groundwork at all. In the next or heroic we have accounts of real persons, but handed down to us by writers to whom the past was a world of marvels,—whose delight was to dwell upon the mighty works which had been done in the old times—whose object was to elevate into super-human proportions the figures of the illustrious men who had distinguished themselves as apostles or warriors. They thus appear to us like their portraits in stained glass

windows, represented rather in a transcendental condition of beautitude than in the modest and chequered colours of real life * * * * For facts as facts there is as yet no appreciation—they are shifted to and fro, dropped out of sight, or magnified, or transferred from owner to owner,—manipulated to suit or decorate a preconceived and brilliant idea.

At the next stage we pass with the chronicles into history proper. The chronicler is not a poet like his predecessor. He does not shape out consistent pictures with a beginning, a middle, and an end. He is a narrator of events, and he connects them together on a chronological string. He professes to be relating facts. He is not idealizing, he is not singing the praises of the heroes of the sword or the crosier—he means to be true in the literal and commonplace sense of that ambiguous word. And yet in his earlier phases, take him in what part of the world we please, he is but a step in advance of his predecessor. He is excellent company. He never moralizes, never bores you with philosophy of history. He never speculates about causes. But, on the other hand, he is uncritical. He takes unsuspectingly the materials which he finds ready to his hand—the national ballads, the romances, and the biographies. He transfers to his pages whatever catches his fancy. The more picturesque an ancedote the more unhesitatingly he

writes it down, though in the same proportion it is the less likely to be authentic * * Thus the chronicle, however charming, is often nothing but poetry taken literally and translated into prose. It grows however, and improves insensibly with the growth of the nation. Like the drama, it develops from poor beginnings into the loftiest art and becomes at last perhaps the very best kind of historical writing which has yet been produced.—(*Froude*).

What do we mean when we say that one past event is important and another insignificant? No past event has any intrinsic importance. The knowledge of it is valuable only as it leads us to form just calculations with respect to the future. A history which does not serve this purpose, though it may be filled with battles, treaties, and commotions, is as useless as the series of turnpike tickets collected by Sir Mathew Mite * * * The perfect historian is he in whose work the character and spirit of an age is exhibited in miniature. He relates no fact, he attributes no expression to his characters, which is not authenticated by sufficient testimony. But, by judicious selection, rejection, and arrangement, he gives to truth those attractions which have been usurped by fiction. In his narrative a due subordination is observed: some transactions are prominent; others retire. But the scale on which he represents them is increased or diminished

not according to the dignity of the persons concerned in them, but according to the degree in which they elucidate the condition of society and the nature of man. He shows us the court, the camp, and the senate. But he shows us also the nation. He considers no anecdote, no peculiarity of manner, no familiar saying, as too insignificant for his notice which is not too insignificant to illustrate the operation of laws, of religion, and of education, and to mark the progress of the human mind. Men will not merely be described, but will be made intimately known to us. The changes of manners will be indicated, not merely by a few general phrases or a few extracts from statistical documents, but by appropriate images presented in every line.—(*Macaulay*).

The Muse of History hath encumbered herself with ceremony as well as her sister of the Theatre. She too wears the mask and the cothurnus, and speaks to measure. She too, in our age, busies herself with the affairs only of kings; waiting on them, obsequiously and stately, as if she were but a mistress of court ceremonies, and had nothing to do with the registering of the affairs of the common people. * * * Shall History ever pull off her periwig and cease to be court-ridden ? Shall we see something of France and England besides Versailles and Windsor ? * * * Why shall History go on kneeling to the end of time ? She should rise up

off her knees, and take a natural posture: not to be for ever performing cringes and congees like a court chamberlain, and shuffling backwards out of doors in the presence of the sovereign. In a word, History should be familiar rather than heroic. Mr. Hogarth and Mr. Fielding will give our children a much better idea of the manners of the present age in England than the *Court Gazette* and the newspapers which we get thence.—(*Thackeray.*)

Facts are not the dross of history, but the true metal, and the historian is a worker in that metal. He has nothing to do with abstract truth, or with practical politics, or with forecasts of the future. A worker in metal he is, and has certainly plenty of what Lord Bacon used to call 'stuff' to work upon; but if he is to be a great historian, and not a mere chronicler, he must be an artist as well as an artisan, and have something of the spirit which animated such a man as Francisco Francia of Bologna, now only famous as a painter, but in his own day equally celebrated as a worker in gold, and whose practice it was to sign his pictures with the word Goldsmith, after his name, whilst he engraved Painter on his golden crucifixes. The true historian, therefore, seeking to compose a true picture of the thing acted, must collect facts, select facts and combine facts. Methods will differ, styles will differ. Nobody ever does anything exactly like anybody else; but the end in view is generally the

same, and the historian's end is truthful narration. Maxims he will have, if he is wise, never a one; and as for a moral, if he tells his story well, it will need none; if he tell it ill, it will deserve none.

The stream of narrative, flowing swiftly as it does, over the jagged rocks of human destiny, must often be turbulent and tossed; it is, therefore, all the more the duty of every good citizen to keep it as undefiled as possible, and to do what in him lies to prevent peripatetic philosophers on the banks from throwing their theories into it, either dead ones to decay, or living ones to drown. Let the philosophers ventilate their theories, construct their blow-holes, extract their essences, discuss their maxims, and point their morals as much as they will; but let them do so apart. History must not lose her Muse, or 'take to her bosom doubts, queries, essays, dissertations, some of which ought to go before her, some to follow, and all to stand apart'. Let us at all events secure our narrative first—sermons and philosophy the day after.—(*Birrel*).

The world's history is a divine poem of which the history of every nation is a canto and every man a word. Its strains have been pealing along down the centuries, and though there have been mingled the discords of warring cannon and dying men, yet to the Christian philosopher and

historian—the humble listener—there has been a divine melody running through the song which speaks of hope and halcyon days to come.—(*Garfield*).

LITERATURE.

THE WISE

(Minstrel or sage), out of their books are clay ;
But in their books, as from their graves they rise,
Angels—that, side by side, upon our way,
Walk with and warn us.

—*Bulwer-Lytton.*

The riches of scholarship, the benignities of literature, defy fortune and outlive calamity. They are beyond the reach of thief or moth or rust. As they cannot be inherited, so they cannot be alienated.—(*Lowell*).

Writing is not literature unless it gives to the reader a pleasure which arises not only from the things said, but from the way in which they are said; and that pleasure is only given when the words are carefully or curiously or beautifully put together into sentences.—(*Stopford Brooke*).

There is first the literature of knowledge, and secondly, the literature of power. The function of the first is—to teach; the function of the second

is—to move; the first is a rudder, the second an oar or a sail. The first speaks to the mere discursive understanding; the second speaks ultimately, it may happen, to the higher understanding or reason, but always through affections of pleasure and sympathy. —(*De Quincey*).

We are told by great critics that the literature of an age is its picture, that if you look at the past and really grasp the character of the literature which appealed to it, you will understand that past, that a generation cannot express itself more clearly than in the literature it produces and the literature which it encourages. We must, therefore conceive ourselves as having our photographs, our cinematograph, taken, month after month, by the literature which we buy, which we read, which we admire, and which we absorb. That is going to represent us to the future critic. By that, according to this theory, we shall be judged. That is the picture which is going down to posterity of the souls of this generation. And there is truth in this contention, which must impress everybody who reflects upon it. Yet it may be easily pressed too far. The theory depends upon this: That there is in each epoch, at each moment of time, a public taste which admits certain forms of genius or talent to suit itself, and which crushes out the remainder, which acts as stained glass acts upon light, letting through rays of a certain quality and character and absorbing the rest.

And if you are going to accept this view that is there is a particular public taste at a particular moment, depending wholly upon the character of the society—at the time, then there may be truth in that doctrine. But let us always remember that this taste itself, this taste which is supposed to act as a differentating medium, is a thing which is capable of being changed by the action of literature, by the action of genius and of talent. It is not that talent finds itself face to face with this kind of unchangeable, transparent medium, only letting through certain rays and pitilessly rejecting others. That does not represent the facts. Taste can be changed; it is a matter of manufacture. Every great producer of luxuries will tell you that he has not only to produce the things which the public want, but he has to make the public want them; and when he has made the public want them he calls that good business. A familiar process is carried out by the man of genius, by the man whose natural gifts do not run precisely in the line of contemporary fashion, but rather force him and press him on to a new mode of expression of ideas which themselves may be new. He also can change the taste by which he is to be judged. He also can act upon this translucent screen which lets through some rays, rejects some, and absorbs others.—(*Balfour.*)

The reason is this. Literary art is concerned with literatesque characters in literatesque situations;

and the *best* art is concerned with the *most* literatesque characters in the *most* literatesque situations. Such are the subjects of pure art; it embodies with the fewest touches, and under the most select and choice circumstances, the highest conceptions, but it does not follow that only the best subjects are to be treated by art, and then only in the very best way. Human nature could not endure such a critical commandment as that, and it would be an erroneous criticism which gave it. *Any* literatesque character may be described in literature under any circumstances which exhibits its literatesqueness. The essence of pure art consists in its describing what is as it is, and this is very well for what can bear it, but there are many inferior things which will not bear it, and which nevertheless ought to be described in books. A certain kind of literature deals with illusions, and this kind of literature has given a colouring to the name romantic. A man of rare genius, and even of poetical genius, has gone so far as to make these illusions the true subject of poetry —almost the sole subject—(*Bagehot*).

The great need in modern culture, which is scientific in method, rationalistic in spirit, and utilitarian in purpose, is to find some effective agency for cherishing within us the ideal. That is the business and function of literature. Literature alone will not make a good citizen; it will not make a good man. History affords too many proofs that scholarship and

learning by no means purge men of acrimony, of vanity, of arrogance, of a murderous tenacity about trifles. Mere scholarship and learning and the knowledge of books do not by any means arrest and dissolve all the travelling acids of the human system. Nor can literature be any substitute for life and action. Burke said, "what is the education of the generality of the world? Reading a parcel of books. No! Restraint and discipline, examples of virtue and of justice, these are what form the education of the world." That is profoundly true; it is life that is the great educator. But the parcel of books, if they are well chosen, reconcile us to this discipline; they interpret this virtue and justice; they awaken within us the diviner mind and rouse us to a consciousness of what is best in others and ourselves.—(*Morley*).

If then the power of speech is a gift as great as any that can be named,—if the origin of language is by many philosophers even considered to be nothing short of divine—if by means of words the secrets of the heart are brought to light, pain of soul is relieved, hidden grief is carried off, sympathy conveyed, counsel imparted, experience recorded, and wisdom perpetuated,—if by great authors the many are drawn up into unity, national character is fixed, a people speaks, the past and the future, the East and the West are brought into communication with

each other,—if such men are, in a word, the spokesmen and prophets of the human family,—it will not answer to make light of literature or to neglect its study; rather we may be sure that, in proportion as we master it in whatever language, and imbibe its spirit, we shall ourselves bacome in our own measure the ministers of like benefits to others, be they many or few, be they in the obscurer or the more distinguished walks of life,—who are united to us by social ties, and are within the sphere of our personal influence.—(*Newman*).

Other relaxations are peculiar to certain times, places and stages of life, but the study of letters is the nourishment of our youth, and the joy of our old age. They throw an additional splendour on prosperity, and are the resource and consolation of adversity; they delight at home, and are no embarrassment abroad; in short, they are company to us at night, our fellow-travellers on a journey, and attendants in our rural recesses.—(*Cicero*).

POETRY.

Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler loves and nobler cares,
The poets, who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays.

Wordsworth.

Poetical taste is the only magician whose wand is not broken. No hand, except its own, can dissolve the fabric of beauty in which it dwells. Genii, unknown to Arabian fable, wait at the portal. Whatever is most precious from the loom or the mine of fancy is poured at its feet. Love, purified by contemplation, visits and cheers it; unseen musicians are heard in the dark, it is Psyche in the palace of Cupid.—(*Willmott*).

All of us are poets in a measure because all of us have feeling, and power to communicate what we feel to others; but those we call poets are atonce more sensitive, with a wider range of feeling; and better able to express what they feel, and move others to share their feelings. To speak in metaphor, the senses of their soul are more numerous and more acute, and their voices have a greater compass than is in common men. All of us, for example, see dimly, as a half-blind man sees a light, beauty in a hill or a cloud or a primrose; but the poet sees it as a radiant glow that moves him to cry aloud with delight and so to make us also look again more earnestly to share his vision. We hear, as a deaf man is conscious of a voice, the echo of music in running water; but he hears the full clear melody and calls to us to listen more intently that we too may catch it. We all have wondered vaguely at the mystery and the majesty of the stars, but he falls on his face before them and priestlike prays us, as

many as hear him, to accompany him to the throne of heavenly grace, and to say after him words that once spoken are felt to be the only ones worthy, yet such as we ourselves could never have found. And in many places where there is a shy and subtle beauty that most of us would never see, a poet's eye discovers it and his voice makes it plain to us.—(*Greening Lamborn.*)

In poetry the distinction between excellent and inferior, sound and unsound or only half-sound, true and untrue or only half true is of paramount importance. It is of paramount importance because of the high destinies of poetry. In poetry, *as a criticism of life under the conditions fixed for such a criticism by the laws of poetic truth and poetic beauty*, the spirit of our race will find, as time goes on and as other helps fail, its consolation and stay. But the consolation and stay will be of power in proportion to the power of the criticism of life. And the criticism of life will be of power in proportion as the poetry conveying it is excellent rather than inferior, sound rather than unsound or half-sound, true rather than untrue or half-true. The best poetry is what we want, the best poetry will be found to have a power of forming, sustaining, and delighting us, as nothing else can. A clearer, deeper sense of the best in poetry, and of the strength and joy to be drawn from it, the most precious benefit which we can gather from a poetical collection such as the present. And yet in the very nature and conduct of

such a collection there is inevitably something which tends to obscure in us the consciousness of what our benefit should be, and to distract us from the pursuit of it. We should therefore steadily set it before our minds at the outset, and should compel ourselves to revert constantly to the thought of it as we proceed.—(*Mathew Arnold*).

On these lines, perhaps, the main elements of poetical greatness will be found to be originality in the treatment of themes, perennial charm, exquisite finish in execution, and distinction of individual manner. The great poet, in other words, will be seen, through the perspectives of history, to have been fresher, stronger, more skilful, and more personal than his unsuccessful or less successful rival. When the latter begins to recede into obscurity it will be because prejudices that blinded criticism are being removed and because the candidate for immortality is being found to be lacking in one or all of these peculiar qualities. And here, of course, comes in the disputed question of the existence of genius. That controversy seems to rest on a mere metaphysical quibble. Robert McTavish is a plough-boy, and ends at the plough's tail. Robert Burns is a plough-boy, and ends by being set up, like Berenice's hair, as a glory and a portent in the intellectual zenith of all time. Are they the same to start with? Is it merely a question of taking pains, of a happy accident—of luck, in short? A fiddlestick's end for

such a theory! Just as well might we say that a young vine that is to produce, in its season, a bottle of corton. is the same as a similar stick that will issue in a wretched draught of *vin bleu.* That which, from its very cotyledons, has distinguished the corton plant from its base brother, that is genius. But even thus the discussion is vain and empty. What we have to deal with is the work and not the man. So long as we all feel that there is some quality of charm, vigour, and brightness which exists in Pope and is absent in Eusden, is discoverable in a tragedy of Shakespeare and is wanting in a transpontine melodrama, so long, whether we call this quality by the good old name of genius, or explain it away in the jargon of some newfangled sociography, we shall have basis enough for the conduct of our particular inquiry.—(*Edmund Gosse*).

Whether it be that the fierceness of the Gothic humours, or noise of their perpetual wars, frighted it away, or that the unequal mixture of the modern languages would not bear it; certain it is that the great heights and excellency both of poetry and music fell with the Roman learning and empire, and have never since recovered the admiration and applauses that before attended them! yet, such as they are among us, they must be confessed to be the softest and sweetest, the most general and most innocent amusements of common time and life. They still find room in the courts of princes and the

cottages of shepherds: they serve to revive and animate the dead calm of poor or idle lives, and to allay or divert the violent passions and perturbations of the greatest and the busiest men. And both these effects are of equal use to human life: for the mind of man is like the sea which is neither agreeable to the beholder nor the voyager in a calm or in a storm, but is so to both when moved by soft and easy passions and affections. Many who pretend to be wise by the forms of being grave, are apt to despise both poetry and music as toys and trifles too light for the use or entertainment of serious men: but whoever find themselves wholly insensible to these charms would do well to keep their own counsel, for fear of reproaching their own temper, and bringing the goodness of their natures, if not of their understandings, into question; it may be thought at least an ill sign, if not an ill constitution, since some of the fathers went so far, as to esteem the love of music a sign of predestination, as a thing divine, and reserved for the felicities of heaven itself. While this world lasts we doubt not but the pleasure and requests of these two entertainments will do so too; and happy those that content themselves with these, or any other so easy and so innocent, and do not trouble the world or other men, because they cannot be quiet themselves, though nobody hurts them! — (*Sir William Temple*).

To be a poet is to have a soul so quick to discern that no shade of quality escapes it, and so quick to feel that discernment is but a hand playing with finely ordered variety on the chords of emotion: a soul in which knowledge passes instantaneously into feeling, and feeling flashes back as a new organ of knowledge.—(*George Eliot*).

A poet is a nightingale, who sits in darkness and sings to cheer its own solitude with sweet sounds. His auditors are as men entranced by the melody of an unseen musician, who feel that they are moved and softened, yet know not whence or why.—(*Shelley*).

PROGRESS.

Beneath this starry arch,
Naught resteth or is still;
But all things hold their march
As if by one great will,
Move one, move all:
Hark to the footfall!
On, on, forever.—*Harriet Martineau.*

Generations are as the days of toilsome mankind; death and birth are the vesper and the matin bells that summon mankind to sleep and to rise refreshed for new advancement. What the father has made, the son can make and enjoy; but has also work of his own appointed him. Thus all things wax and

roll onwards: arts, establishments, opinions, nothing is ever completed, but ever completing.—(*Carlyle*).

In our social and political speculations we are surely apt to think too much of ethnology, and too little of history. Sometimes from a kind of idleness, sometimes from a kind of pride, sometimes because the "principles of heredity" is now always on our lips, we frequently attribute to differences of blood effects which are really due to differences of surroundings. We note the varying shades of national character; and proceed to put them down, often most incorrectly, to variations in national descent. * * * Conjectures like these appear to be of the most dubious value. We know by experience that a nation may suddenly blaze out into a splendour of productive genius, of which its previous history gave but faint promise, and of which its subsequent history shows but little trace; some great crisis in its fate may stamp upon a race marks which neither lapse of time nor change of circumstance seem able wholly to efface; and empires may rise from barbarism to civilization and sink again from civilization into barbarism, within periods so brief that we may take it as certain that no hereditary influence has had time to operate. Now, if the differences between the same nation at different times are thus obviously not due to differences in inherited qualities, is it not somewhat rash to drag in hypothetical differences in inherited qualities to account for the often slighter

peculiarities of temperament? Are we not often attributing to heredity what is properly due to education, and crediting Nature with what really is the work of Man?

So far, then, we have arrived at the double conclusion that, while there is no sufficient ground for expecting that our descendants will be provided by Nature with better "organisms" than our own, it is nevertheless not impossible to suppose that they may be able to provide themselves with a much more commodious "environment". And this is not on the face of it wholly unsatisfactory; for if, on one hand, it seems to forbid us to indulge in visions of a millenium in which there shall not only be a new heaven and a new earth, but also a new variety of the human race to enjoy them; on the other hand it permits us to hope that the efforts of successive generations may so improve the surroundings into which men are born that the community of the far future may be as much superior to us as we are to our barbarian ancestors. —(*Balfour*).

You say that when men ceased to compete, they would stand still. Rather it is true that when men ceased their internecine war, then and then only can the race sweep forward. The race will grow in power and beauty swiftly, in every generation it will grow, and not only the human race. All this world will man make a garden for himself, ruling not only his kind, but all the lives that live, banishing the

cruel from life, making the others merciful and tame beneath his hand. The flies and mosquitoes, the thorns and poisons, the fungus in the blood, and the murrain upon his beasts, he will utterly end. He will rob the atoms of their energy and the depths of space of their secrets. He will break his prison in space. He will step from star to star as now we step from stone to stone across a stream. It is not a dream, but a reality. The world is for man, the stars in their courses are for man—if only he will follow the God who calls to him and take the gift God offers.—(*H. G. Wells*).

The connexion therefore between progress as we now envisage it, and unity, both in ourselves and in society at large, becomes apparent. At each of the previous great moments in the history of the West development has been secured by emphasis on one side of our nature at the expense of the rest. Visions of mankind in common progress have flashed on individual thinkers, a Roman Emperor, a Catholic Schoolman, a Revolutionary prophet. But the thing achieved has been one-sided, and the needed correction has been given by another movement more one-sided still. The greatest hope of the present day lies in the fact that in all branches of life, in government as well as in philosophy, in science as in social reform, in religion and in international politics, men are now striving with determination to bind the threads together.—(*Marvin*).

The only progress which we can care for is the progress which we ourselves bring about, or can believe that we bring about, in ourselves or our fellows or in the world immediately around us. So long as what is so named is something devised and executed by a power not our own—not the same as our own—it may call out from us gratitude and reverence, but the spectacle of the reality of such Progress cannot exercise the attractive force, nor, so far as is realised, beget that creative joy which accompanies even humble acts in which we set an ideal of our own before ourselves, and see it through our efforts emerge into actual existence. A practical ideal must be through and through of our own making. It must be devised by us and set to ourselves for our pursuit, and its coming to be, or be real, must be our doing. The very idea of it must be our own, not given or prescribed, still less imposed and the process towards it must be our doing too. * * * We should, we might say, if this were the whole truth about the universe, acknowledge ourselves as its sons bound to gratitude and obedience because of the fatherly care for us, but it would be an essential compliment to our family loyalty that we should insist upon and make good our claims to be grown-up sons and fellow citizens, declining to pronounce it wholly good, if those claims were denied to us. Now all these conditions seem to make straight against the possibility of regarding progress as an ideal of our action.—(*J. A. Smith*).

A serious person, when he is informed that any particular country is making strides in civilization, will ask two questions. First personally, Are the individual citizens growing more pure in their private habits? Are they true and just in their dealings? Is their intelligence, if they are becoming intelligent, directed toward learning and doing what is right, or are they looking only for more extended pleasures, and for the means of obtaining them? Are they making progress in what old-fashioned people used to call the fear of God, or are their personal selves and the indulgence of their own inclinations the end and aim of their existence? That is one question, and the other is its counterpart. Each nation has a certain portion of the earth's surface allotted to it from which the means of its support are being wrung: are the proceeds of labour distributed justly, according to the work which each individual has done; or does one plough and another reap in virtue of superior strength, superior cleverness or cunning? These are the criteria of progress. All else is merely misleading. In a state of nature there is no law but physical force. As society becomes organized, strength is co-erced by greater strength; arbitrary violence is restrained by the policeman; and the relations between man and man, in some degree, are humanized. That is true improvement. But large thews and sinews are only the rudest of the gifts which enable one man to take advantage of his

neighbour. Sharpness of wit gives no higher title to superiority than bigness of muscle and bone. The power to overreach requires restraint as much as the power to rob and kill; and the progress of civilization depends on the extent of the domain which is reclaimed under the moral law.—(*Froude*).

For individuals, then, the path of progress is always open, but, as Hesiod told us long before the Sermon in the Mount, it is a narrow path, steep and difficult, especially at first. There will never be a crowd gathered round the gate; 'few there be that find it.' For this reason, we must cut down our hopes for our nation, for Europe, and for humanity at large to a very modest and humble aspiration. We have no millenium to look forward to; but neither need we fear any protracted or widespread retrogression. There will be new types of achievement which will enrich the experience of the race; and from time to time, in the long vista which science seems to promise us, there will be new flowering times of genius and virtue, not less glorious than the age of Sophocles or the age of Shakespeare. They will not merely repeat the triumphs of the past, but will add new varieties to the achievements of the human mind.

Whether the human type itself is capable of further physical, intellectual, or moral improvement, we do not know. It is safe to predict that we shall go on hoping, though our recent hopes have ended in disappointment. Our lower ambitions partly

succeed and party fail, and never wholly satisfy us; of our more worthy visions for our race we may perhaps cherish the faith that no pure hope can ever wither, except that a purer may grow out of its roots. —(*Dean Inge*).

PLEASURES OF READING

The mind relaxing into needful sport,
Should turn to writers of an abler sort,
Where wit well managed, and whose classic style,
Give truth a lustre, and make wisdom smile.—
Cowper.

The man whose bosom neither riches nor luxury nor grandeur can render happy many, with a book in his hand, forget all his torments under the friendly shade of every tree; and experience pleasures as infinite as they are varied, as pure as they are lasting, as lively as they are unfading, and as compatible with every public duty as they are contributory to private happiness.—(*Zimmermann*).

The first class of readers may be compared to an hour-glass, their reading being as the sand: it runs in and runs out, and leaves not a vestige behind. A second class resembles a sponge, which imbibes everything, and returns it in nearly the same state, only a little dirtier. A third class is like a jelly-bag, which allows all that is pure to pass away, and retains only the refuse and dregs. The fourth class may be compared to [the slave of Golconda, who,

casting aside all that is worthless, preserves only the pure gems.—(*Coleridge*).

The special quality of the act of finding something, with its consequent exhilaration, is half unexpectedness and half separateness. There being no warning, and the article coming to you by chance, no one is to be thanked, no one to be owed anything. In short, you have achieved the greatest human triumph—you have got something for nothing. That is the true idea ; the "nothing" must be absolute; one must never have looked, never have had any finding intention, or even hope. To look for things is to change the whole theory—to rob it of its divine suddenness; to become anxious, even avaricious; to partake of the nature of the rag-picker, the *chiffonier*, or those strange men that one notices walking, with bent heads, along the shore after a storm.—(*E. V. Lucas*).

"Literature is the sensuous art of causing requisite impressions by means of words". And yet there is something more; besides the logical thought, which is often a hinderance, besides the sensation, always a pleasure and a delight, besides these there are the indefinable, inexpressible images which all fine literature summons to the mind. As the chemist in his experiments is sometimes astonished to find unknown, unexpected elements in the crucible or the receiver, as the world of material things is considered by some a thin veil of the immaterial universe, so he

who reads wonderful prose or verse is conscious of suggestions that cannot be put into words, which do not rise from the logical sense, which are rather parallel to than connected with the sensuous delight. The world so disclosed is rather the world of dreams, rather the world in which children sometimes live, instantly appearing and instantly vanishing away, a world beyond all expression or analysis, neither of the intellect nor of the senses.—(*Arthur Machen*).

In turning to a well-known author, there is not only an assurance that my time will not be thrown away, or my palate nauseated with the most insipid or vilest trash,—but I shake hands with, and look an old, tried, and valued friend in the face,—compare notes, and chat the hours away. It is true, we form dear friendships with such ideal guests—dearer, alas! and more lasting, than those with our most intimate acquintance. In reading a book which is an old favourite with me I not only have the pleasure of imagination and of a critical relish of the work, but the pleasures of memory added to it. It recalls the same feelings and associations which I had in first reading it, and which I can never have again in any other way. Standard productions of this kind are links in the chain of our conscious being. They bind together the different scattered divisions of our personal identity. They are landmarks and guides in our journey through life. They are pegs and loops

on which we can hang up, or from which we can take down, at pleasure, the wardrobe of moral imagination, the relics of our best affections, the tokens and records of our happiest hours. They are "for thoughts and for remembrance!" They are like Fortunatus's Wishing-Cap—they give us the best riches—those of Fancy; and transport us, not over half the globe, but (which is better) over half our lives, at a word's notice!—(*Hazlitt*).

A great French writer once stated that he had never in his life undergone any personal trouble or affliction the thought of which he could not dissipate by half an hour's reading. * * * Make what allowance we please for his opinion, the truth still remains, and will be testified to by every man who has acquired a taste for reading, that no more sovereign specific exists for dissipating the petty cares and trouble of life. And if we acquire—and recollect it is not an art easy of itself to acquire—but if we once acquire a universal curiosity into the history of mankind, into the constitution of the material universe in which we live, into the various places of human activity, into the thoughts and beliefs by which men now long dead have been actuated in the past—if we once acquire this general and universal curiosity, we shall possess, if not a specific against sorrow, but certainly a specific against boredom. We obtain a power of putting our own small troubles and our own small cares in their proper place. We

are able to see the history of mankind in something like its perspective; and we not only gain the power of diverting our thoughts from the small annoyances of the hour, but we gain further the inestimable gift of seeing how small, compared with the general sum of human interests, of human sufferings and human joys, are the insignificant troubles which may happen to each individual one of us.—(*Balfour*).

The object of reading is not what used to be called the pursuit of knowledge. Of course, if a man is a professional teacher or a professional writer, he must read for professional purposes, just as a coral insect must eat to enable it to secrete the substances out of which it builds its branching house. But for general reading there are three motives—the first purely pleasurable; the second intellectual; the third, what may be called ethical. As to the first, a man who reads at all, reads just as he eats, sleeps, and takes exercise, because he likes it; and that is probably the best reason that can be given for the practice. It is an innocent mode of passing the time, it takes one out of oneself, it is amusing. Of course, it can be carried to an excess; and a man may become a mere book-eater, as a man may become an opium-eater.—(*A. C. Benson*).

Do you know, if you read this, that you cannot read that—that what you lose to-day you cannot gain to-morrow? Will you go and gossip with your housemaid, or your stable-boy, when you may

talk with queens and kings; or flatter yourselves that it is with any worthy consciousness of your own claims to respect that you jostle with the common crowd for *entree* here, and audience there, when all the while this eternal court is open to you, with its society wide as the world, multitudinous as its days, the chosen, and the mighty, of every place and time? Into that you may enter always; in that you may take fellowship and rank according to your wish; from that once entered into it, you can never be outcast but by your own faults.—(*Ruskin*).

Learn to be good readers, which is perhaps a more difficult thing than you imagine. Learn to be discriminative in your reading; to read faithfully, and with your best attention, all kinds of things which you have a real interest in,—a real, not an imaginary,—and which you find to be really fit for what you are engaged in.—(*Carlyle*).

PERFECTION OF ART.

What's come to perfection perishes,
Things learned on earth we shall practise in heaven;
Works done least rapidly Art most cherishes.—

Robert Browning.

The refining influence is the study of art, which is the science of beauty; and every man values every scrap of knowledge in art, every observation of his

own in it, every hint he has caught from another. For the laws of beauty are the beauty of beauty, and give the mind the same or a higher joy than the sight of it gives the senses. The study of art is of high value to the growth of the intellect.—(*Emerson*).

Excellence in art is to be attained only by active effort, and not by passive impressions; by the manly overcoming of difficulties, by patient struggle against adverse circumstance, by the thrifty use of moderate opportunities. The great artists were not rocked and dandled into eminence, but they attained to it by that course of labour and discipline which no man need go to Rome or Paris or London to enter upon.—(*Hillard*).

A thought, a scene of beauty comes home with an irresistable sense of power and meaning to the mind or eye; for God to have devised the pale liquid green of the enamelled evening sky, to have set the dark forms of trees against it, and to have hung a star in the thickening gloom—to have done this, and to see that it is good, seems, in certain moods, to be the dearest work of the Divine mind; and the desire to express it, to speak simply of the sight, and of the joy that it arouses, comes upon the mind with a sweet agony, an irresistable spell; life would seem to have been well spent if one had only caught a few such imperishable ecstasies, and written them down in a record that might convey the same joy to

others. But behind this rises the deeper conviction that this is not the end; that there are deeper and sweeter secrets in the heavenly treasure-house; and then comes in the shadow of a fear that, in yielding thus delightedly to these imperative joys, one is blinding the inner eye to the perception of the remoter and more divine truth. And then at last comes the conviction, in which it is possible alike to rest and to labour, that it is right to devote one's time and energy to presenting these rich emotions as perfectly as they can be presented, so long as one keeps open the further avenues of the soul, and believes that art is but one of the antichambers through which one must take one's faithful way, before the doors of the Presence itself can be flung wide.—(*A C. Benson*).

The painter is wedded to his art, the mistress, queen, and idol of his soul. He has embarked his all in it, fame, time, fortune. peace of mind, his hopes in youth, his consolation in age; and shall he not feel a more intense interest in whatever relates to it than the mere indolent trifler? Natural sensibility alone, without the entire application of the mind to that one object, will not enable the possesser to sympathize with all the degrees of beauty and power in the conceptions of a Titian or a Corregio; but it is he only who does this, who follows them into all their force and matchless grace, that does or can feel their full value. Knowledge is pleasure as

well as power. No one but the artist who has studied nature, and contended with the difficulties of art, can be aware of the beauties or intoxicated with a passion for painting. No one who has not devoted his life and soul to the pursuit of art can feel the same exultation in its brightest ornaments and loftiest triumphs that an artist does. Where the treasure is, there the heart is also.

What is the state of mind of an artist while he is at work? He is then in the act of realizing the highest idea he can form of beauty or grandeur: he conceives, he embodies that which he understands and loves best; that is, he is in full and perfect possession of that which is to him the source of the highest happiness and intellectual excitement he can enjoy.—(*Hazlitt*).

Life and literature, life and the perfect expression of life. The principles of the former, as laid down by the Greeks, we may not realise in an age so marred by false ideals as our own. The principles of the latter, as they laid them down, are, in many cases, so subtle that we can hardly understand them. Recognising that the most perfect art is that which most fully mirrors man in all his infinite variety, they elaborated the criticism of language, considered in the light of the mere material of that art, to a point to which we, with our accentual system of reasonable or emotional emphasis, can barely if at

all attain; studying, for instance, the material movements of a prose as scientifically as a modern musician studies harmony and counterpoint, and with much keener aesthetic instinct. In this they were right, as they were right in all things. Since the introduction of printing, and the fatal development of the habit of reading amongst the middle and lower classes of this country, there has been a tendency in literature to appeal more and more to the eye, and less and less to the ear which is really the sense, which, from the standpoint of pure art, it should seek to please, and by whose canons of pleasure it should abide always, * * * * The Greeks, upon the other hand, regarded writing simply as a method of chronicling. Their test was always the spoken word in its musical and metrical relations. The voice was the medium and the ear the critic. * * * Certainly it was to his blindness, as an occasion, if not as a cause, that England's great poet owed much of the majestic movement and sonorous splendour of his later verse. When Milton could no longer write he began to sing. —(*Oscar Wilde.*)

And now, returning to the broader question what these arts and labours of life have to teach us of its mystery, this is the first of their lessons—that the more beautiful the art, the more it is essentially the work of people who *feel themselves wrong*, who are striving for the fulfilment of a law,

and the grasp of a loveliness, which they have not yet attained, which they feel even farther and farther from attaining the more they strive for it. And yet, in still deeper sense, it is the work of people who know also that they are right. The very sense of inevitable error from their purpose marks the perfectness of that purpose, and the continued sense of failure arises from the continued opening of the eyes more clearly to all the sacredest laws of truth. This is one lesson. The second is a very plain, and greatly precious one: namely—that whenever the arts and labours of life are fulfilled in this spirit of striving against misrule, and doing whatever we have to do, honourably and perfectly, they invariably bring happiness, as much as seems possible to the nature of man. In all other paths by which that happiness is pursued is disappointment, or destruction: for ambition and for passion there is no rest—no fruition; the fairest pleasures of youth perish in a darkness greater than their past light: and the loftiest and purest love too often does but inflame the cloud of life with endless fire of pain.—(*Ruskin*).

Nature is not at variance with art, nor with nature; they being both the servants of his providence. Art is the perfection of nature. Were the world now as it was the sixth day, there were yet a chaos. Nature hath made one world, and art another. In brief, all things are artificial; for nature is the art of God.—(*Sir Thomas Browne*).

RIGHTS OF MAN.

But man, proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,—
His glassy essence,—like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
As makes the angels weep.

—*Shakespeare.*

We hear in these days a great deal respecting rights—the rights of private judgment, the rights of labour, the rights of property, and the rights of man. Rights are grand things, divine things in this world of God's; but the way in which we expound these rights, alas! seems to me to be the very incarnation of selfishness. We can see nothing very noble in a man who is forever going about calling for his own rights. Alas! alas! for the man who feels nothing more grand in this wondrous, divine world than his own rights.—(*Frederick Robertson.*)

If civil society be made for the advantage of man, all the advantages for which it is made become his right. It is an institution of beneficence; and law itself is only beneficence acting by a rule. Men have a right to live by that rule; they have a right to do justice, as between their fellows, whether their fellows are in public function or in ordinary occupation. They have a right to the fruits of their industry; and to the means of

making their industry fruitful. They have a right to the acquisitions of their parents; to the nourishment and improvement of their offspring; to instruction in life, and to consolation in death. Whatever each man separately do, without trespassing upon others, he has a right to do for himself; and he has a right to a fair portion of all which society, with all its combinations of skill and force, can do in his favour. In this partnership all men have equal rights; but not to equal things. He that has but five shillings in the partnership, has as good a right to it, as he that has five hundred pounds has to his larger proportion. But he has not a right to an equal dividend in the product of the joint stock; and as to the share of power, authority, and direction which each individual ought to have in the management of the state, that we must deny to be amongst the direct original rights of man in civil social man, and no other. It is a thing to be settled by convention. If civil society be the offspring of convention, that convention must be its law. That convention must limit and modify all the descriptions of constitution which are formed under it. Every sort of legislative, judicial, or executory power are its creatures. They can have no being in any other state of things. --(*Burke.*)

But there did, there never will, and there never can exist a Parliament, or any description of men,

or any generation of men, in any country, possessed of the right or the power of binding and controlling positively *to the end of time*, or of commanding for ever how the world shall be governed, or who shall govern it; and therefore all such clauses, acts or declarations by which the makers of them attempt to do what they have neither the right nor the power to do, nor the power to execute, are in themselves null and void. Every age and generation must be as free to act for itself *in all cases* as the ages and generations which preceded it. The vanity and presumption of governing beyond the grave is the most ridiculous and insolent of all tyrannies. Man has no property in man; neither has any generation a property in the generations which are to follow. * * * Every generation is, and must be, competent to all the purposes which its occasions require. It is the living, and not the dead, that are to be accommodated.—(*Thomas Paine.*)

On questions of social morality, of duty to others, the opinion of the public, that is, of an overruling majority, though often wrong, is likely to be still oftener right; because on such questions they are only required to judge of their own interests; of the manner in which some mode of conduct, if allowed to be practised, would affect themselves. But the opinion of a similar majority, imposed as a law on the minority, on questions of

self-regarding conduct, is quite as likely to be wrong as right; for in these cases public opinion means, at the best, some people's opinion of what is good or bad for other people; while very often it does not even mean that; the public, with the most perfect indifference, passing over the pleasure or convenience of those whose conduct they censure, and considering only their own preference. * * * There is no parity between the feeling of a person for his own opinion, and the feeling of another who is offended at his holding it; no more than between the desire of a thief to take a purse, and the desire of the right owner to keep it. And a person's taste is as much his own peculiar concern as his opinion or his purse.—(*John Stuart Mill.*)

The modern state upholds its members in the enjoyment of their rights and gives them redress for injuries to themselves in the civil courts. It also intervenes in its own motion to maintain public order by the punishment of law-breakers. Religious and political offences falling into the background, legal offences tend to be restricted to criminal acts, and punishment to be proportioned to the imputed degree of moral guilt. But this ethical view of punishment, when pushed home, compels the admission that the individual theory of responsibility is no more final than the old collective theory, and punishment is compelled to justify itself by its actual effect on society in maintaining order without

legalising brutality, on the criminal in deterring him or in aiding his reform, in both relations as doing good, not as doing harm. The criminal, too, has his rights—the right to be punished, but so punished that he may be helped in the path of reform.—(*L. T. Hobhouse.*)

Pulling others down that we may pull ourselves up is not a good initial step in a regime of brotherhood; but raising ourselves and others together is the very best step from the first and throughout. And the fraternity which comes in this way is by far the finer, because of inequality of possessions. If we can love no man truly unless we have as much money as he has, our brotherly spirit is of a very peculiar kind, and the fraternity that would depend on such a levelling would have no virility. It would have the pulpy fibre of a rank weed, while the manlier brotherhood that grows in the midst of inequality has the oaken fibre that endures.—(*J. B. Clark.*)

SCIENCE.

Blessings on Science! When the earth seem'd old,
When Faith grew doting, and the Reason cold,
'Twas she discover'd that the world was young,

And taught a language to its lisping tongue :
'Twas she disclosed a future to its view,
And made old knowledge pale before the new.
—*Charles Mackay.*

It is certain that a serious attention to the sciences and liberal arts softens and humanizes the temper, and cherishes those fine emotions in which true virtue and honour consist. It rarely, very rarely happens that a man of taste and learning is not, at least, an honest man, whatever frailties may attend him.—(*Hume.*)

While things remain in the dark they must be ignored. This is the basis of the Agnostic position. Flashes of speculation inevitably broke around it, and the hope was not lacking that "out of the molecular forces in a mutton chop Hamlet or Faust could be deduced by the physics of the future." But this enthusiastic and more than half-playful utterance of Tyndall is showing itself baseless—as baseless and as alien to the truly Agnostic position as any of the superstitions that were then being attached. Nevertheless, it is an interesting sign of the enthusiasm kindled by the physical discoveries of the nineteenth century—interesting and quite intelligible, and in its way legitimate—for readers of the present day should learn where to emphasise, and where to discount, the utterances of the teachers of an enthusiastic and a fighting age.—(*Sir Oliver Lodge*).

It is a very plain and elementary truth that the life, the fortune, and the happiness of every one of us, and, more or less, of those who are connected with us, do depend upon our knowing something of the rules of a game infinitely more difficult and complicated than chess. It is a game which has been played for untold ages, every man and woman of us being one of the two players in a game of his or her own. The chess-board is the world, the pieces are the phenomena of the universe, the rules of the game are what we call the laws of nature. The player on the other side is hidden from us. We know that his play is always fair, just and patient. But also we know, to our cost, that he never overlooks a mistake, or makes the smallest allowance for ignorance. To the man who plays well the highest stakes are paid, with that sort of overflowing generosity with which the strong shows delight in strength. And one who plays ill is checkmated—without haste, but without remorse.—(*Huxley.*)

The distinct stages of progress from the inorganic world of matter and motion up to man, point clearly to an unseen universe—to a world of spirit, to which the world of matter is altogether subordinate. To this spiritual world we may refer the marvellously complex forces which we know as gravitation, cohesion, chemical force, radiant force, and electricity, without which the material universe

could not exist for a moment in its present form, and perhaps not at all, since without these forces, and perhaps others which may be termed atomic, it is doubtful whether matter itself could have any existence. And still more surely can we refer to it those progressive manifestations of Life in the vegetable, the animal, and man—which we may classify as unconscious, conscious, and intellectual life,—and which probably depend upon different degrees of spiritual influx. This involves no necessary infraction of the law of continuity in physical or mental evolution; whence it follows that any difficulty we may find in discriminating the inorganic from the organic, the lower vegetable from the lower animal organisms, or the higher animals from the lowest types of man, has no bearing at all upon the question. This is to be decided by showing that a change in essential nature (due, probably, to causes of a higher order than those of the material universe) took place at the several stages of progress; a change which may be nonetheless real because absolutely imperceptible at its point of origin, as is the change that takes place in the curve in which a body is moving when the application of some new force causes the curve to be slightly altered.—(*Wallace.*)

The past which has given us Science—the most wonderful of all the fruits of time, does not satisfy us equally as to the use that has been made

of it. Our crowded slums do not proclaim the glory of Watt and Stephenson as the heavens remind us of Kepler and Newton. Selfishness has grown fat on ill-paid labour, and jealous nations have sharpened their weapons with every device that science can suggest. But a sober judgment, as well as the clearest evidence of history, dictates a more hopeful conclusion. Industry, the twin brother of Science, has vastly increased our wealth, our comfort, and our capacity for enjoyment. Medicine, the most human of her children, has lengthened our lives, fortified our bodies, and alleviated our suffering. Religion, government, morality, even art, are all profoundly influenced by the knowledge that man has acquired of the world around him and his practical conclusions from it. These do not, with the possible exception of art, contradict the thesis of a general improvement of mankind, and Science therefore claim a share—it would seem the decisive share—in the result. We speak, of course, of Science in the sense of the bright well-ordered centre to our knowledge which is always spreading and bringing more of the surrounding fringe, which is also spreading, into the well-defined area. In this sense religion, morality and government have all within historic times come within the range of clear and well-ordered thought: and mankined standing thus within the light, stands more firmly and with better hope.—(*Marvin.*)

Holding then to science with one hand—the left hand—we give the right hand to religion, and cry: "Open Thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things, more wondrous than the shining worlds can tell." Obedient to the promise, religion does awaken faculties within us, does teach our eyes to the beholding of more wonderful things. These great worlds blazing like suns die, like feeble stars in the glory of the morning, in the presence of this new light. The soul knows that an infinite sea of love is all about it, throbbing through it, everlasting arms of affection lift it, and it bathes itself in the clear consciousness of a Father's love.—(*Bishop Warren*).

SPRING.

I come, I come! ye have called me long,
I come o'er the mountain with light and song:
Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth,
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose-stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves, opening as I pass.

—*Mrs. Hemans.*

If spring came but once in a century, instead of once a year, or burst forth with the sound of an earthquake, and not in seilence, what wonder and

expectation there would be in all hearts to behold the miraculous change! But now the silent succession suggests nothing but necessity. To most men only the cessation of the miracle would be miraculous, and the perpetual exercise of God's power seems less wonderful than its withdrawal would be. —(*Longfellow*).

What delights us in the spring is more a sensation than an appearance, more a hope than any visible reality. There is something in the softness of the air, in the lengthening of the days, in the very sounds and odours of the sweet time, that caresses us and consoles us after the rigorous weeks of winter.—(*Hamerton*). It is not merely the multiplicity of tints, the gladness of tone, or the balminess of the air which delight; it is the still consecrated spirit of hopes, the prophecy of happy days yet to come; the endless variety of nature, with presentiments of eternal flowers which never shall fade, and sympathy with the blessedness of the ever-developing world.—(*Novalis*).

What a beautiful word is *Spring*! At least one fancies so, knowing the meaning of it, and being used to identify it with so many pleasant things. An Italian may find it harsh, and object to the *Sp* and the terminating consonant; but if he were a proper Italian, a man of fancy, the worthy countryman of Petrarch and Ariosto, we would convince him that the word was an excellent good word, crammed as

full of beauty as a bud,—and that *S* ha l the whistling of the brooks in it, *p* and *r* the force and roughness of whatsoever is animated and picturesque, *ing* the singing of the birds, and the whole word the suddenness an l salience of all that is lively, sprouting, and new—Spring, Spring—time, a Spring–green, a Spring of water—to Spring—Springal, a word for a young man, in old (that is, ever new) English poetry, which with many other words has gone out, because the youthfulness of our hearts has gone out—to come back with better times, and the nine-hundredth number of the work before us.—(*Leigh Hunt*).

The first sparrow of Spring! The year beginning with younger hope than ever! The faint silvery warblings heard over the partially bare and moist fields from the bluebird, the song-sparrow and the red-wing, as if the last flakes of winter tinkled as they fell! What at such a time are histories, chronologies, traditions, and all written revelations? The brooks sing carols and glees to the spring. The marsh-hawk sailing low over the meadow is already seeking the first shiny life that awakes. The sinking sound of melting snow is heard in all dells, and the ice dissolves apace in the ponds. The grass flames up on the hillside like a spring fire,—as if the earth sent forth an inward heat to greet the retiring sun; not yellow but green is the colour of its flame;—the symbol of

perpetual youth, the grass-blade, like a long green ribbon, streams from the sod into the summer checked indeed by the frost, but anon pushing on again, lifting its spear of last year's hay with the fresh life below. It grows as steadily as the rill oozes out of the ground. It is almost identical with that, for in the growing days of June, when the rills are dry, the grass blades are their channels, and from year to year the herds drink at this perennial green stream, and the mower draws from it betimes their winter supply. So our human life but dies down to its root, and still puts forth its green blade to eternity.

Earth is still in her swaddling clothes, and stretches forth baby fingers on every side. Fresh curls spring from the baldest brow. There is nothing inorganic. * * * The earth js not a mere fragment of dead history, stratum upon stratum like the leaves of a book, to be studied by geologists and antiquaries chiefly, but living poetry like the leaves of a tree, which precede flowers and fruit—not a fossil earth, but a living earth; compared with whose great central life all animal and vegetable life is merely parasitic. Its throes will heave our exuviae from their graves. You may melt your metals and cast them into the most beautiful moulds you can; they will never excite us like the forms which this molten earth flows out into. And not only it, but the institutions upon it, are plastic like

clay in the hands of the potter.—(*Thoreau.*)

The fly whirls his scarlet-spotted wings about and splashes himself with sunlight, like the children on the sands. He thinks not of the grass and sun; he does not heed them at all—and that is why he is so happy—any more than the barefoot children ask why the sea is there, or why it does nor quite dry up when it ebbs. He is unconscious; he lives without thinking about living, and if the sunshines were a hundred hours long, still it would not be long enough. No, never enough of sun and sliding shadows that come like a hand over the table to lovingly reach our shoulder, never enough of the grass that smells sweet as a flower, not if we could live years and years equal in number to the tides that have ebbed and flowed counting backward four years to every day and night, backward still till we found out which came first, the night or the day.—(*Richard Jeffries.*)

When the measured dance of the hours brings back the happy smile of spring, the buried dead is born again in the life-glance of the sun. The germs which perished to the eye within the cold breast of the earth spring up with joy in the bright realm of day.—(*Schiller*).

STYLE.

Expression is the dress of thought, and still
Appears more decent as more suitable ;
A vile conceit in pompous words express'd,
Is like a clown in regal purple dress'd.—*Pope.*

He who thinks much says but little in proportion to his thoughts. He selects that language which will convey his ideas in the most explicit and direct manner. He tries to compress as much thought as possible into a few words. On the contrary, the man who talks everlastingly and promiscuously, who seems to have an exhaustless magazine of sound, crowds so many words into his thoughts that he always obscures, and very frequently conceals them.—(*Washington Irving*).

Propriety of thought and propriety of diction are commonly found together. Obscurity and affectation are the two great faults of style. Obscurity of expression generally springs from confusion of ideas; and the same wish to dazzle, at any cost, which produces affectation in the manner of a writer, is likely to produce sophistry in his reasoning.—(*Macaulay*).

After the most deliberate and exhaustive analysis of an author's style, there is that which will defy all efforts to capture it, and baffle every attempt to limn its outline. What is this elusive quality ? What is it that yet speaks to us as it were in the voice of Cowley, or Addison, or Lamb ? It is that indefinable element, that captured essence of the soul which for some of us renders this study of

style such an absorbing theme; for among our books we meet, not merely words, but something of the spiritual life of the past, so that, although we are separated from them, by the ages we may yet mingle freely with those master minds who have built up the glorious edifice of human thought and feeling. As we read, the Past becomes Present, the thought of by-gone centuries flashes through the brain of the living reader; the dead awaken into life; hand touches hand. In that subtle quality—called style, the element of soul, dominating all else, enters by an unseen door. By that element we recognise the man, whether alive, or long since dead, whether he wrote. or painted, or expressed himself in some other form of art. Something of himself escaped from the imprisoned "Ego," and interwove itself for ever with the craftsmanship of hand and brain. Apart from words and the machinery of phraseology we feel the presence of the writer; we hear, as it were, his heart beating time to his thoughts; his emotion appeals to our own; we experience the touch of personality, we see the opening of a mind, the shadow of a soul. —(*Dr. Henderson*).

That is the special function of mind, in style. Mind and soul:—hard to ascertain philosophically, the distinction is real enough practically, for they often interfere, are sometimes in conflict with each other. Blake, in the last century, is an in-

stance of preponderating soul, embarrassed, at a loss, in an era of preponderating mind. As a quality of style, at all events, soul is a fact, in certain writers—the way they have of absorbing language, of attracting it into the peculiar spirit they are of, with a subtlety which makes the actual result seem like some inexplicable inspiration. By mind, the literary artist reaches us, through static and objective indications of design in his work, legible to all. By soul, he reaches us, somewhat capriciously perhaps, one and not another, through vagrant sympathy and a kind of immediate contact. Mind we cannot choose but approve where we recognise it; soul may repel us, not because we misunderstand it. The way in which theological interests sometimes avail themselves of language is perhaps the best illustration of the force in literature, indicated by the word *soul*. Ardent religious persuasion may exist, may make its way, without finding any equivalent heat in language: or again, it may enkindle words to various degrees, and when it really takes hold of them doubles its force.—(*Walter Pater*).

The perfection of lucid writing which one sees in books such as Newman's *Apologia* or Ruskin's *Praeterita*, seems to resemble a crystal stream, which flows limpidly and deliciously over its pebbly bed; the very shape of the channel is revealed; there are transparent glassy water-breaks over the pale

gravel; but though the very stream has a beauty of its own, a beauty of liquid curve and delicate murmur, its chief beauty is in the exquisite transfiguring effect which it has over the shingle, the vegetation that glimmers and sways beneath the surface. How dry, how commonplace the pebbles on the edge look! How stiff and ruinous the plants from which the water has receded! But seen through the hyaline medium, what coolness, what romance, what secret and remote mystery, lingers over the tiny pebbles, the little reefs of rock, the ribbons of weed, that poise so delicately in the gliding stream! What a vision of unimagined peace, of cool refreshment, of gentle tranquility, it all gives!

Thus it is with the transfiguring power of art, of style. The objects by themselves, in the commonplace light, in the dreary air, are trivial and unromantic enough; one can hold them is one's hand, one seems to have seen them a hundred times before; but, plunged beneath that clear and fresh medium, they have a unity, a softness, a sweetness which seem the result of a magical spell, an incommunicable influence; they bring all heaven before the eyes; they whisper the secrets of a region which is veritably there, which we can discern and enjoy; but the charm of which we can neither analyze nor explain; we can only confess its existence with a grateful heart.—(*A. C. Benson*).

Style cannot be distinguished from matter.

When a writer conceives an idea he conceives it in a form of words. That form of words constitutes his style, and it is absolutely governed by the idea. The idea can only exist in words, and it can only exist in one form of words. You cannot say exactly the same thing in two different ways. Slightly alter the expression and you slightly alter the idea. Surely it is obvious that the expression cannot be altered without altering the thing expressed! A writer, having conceived and expressed an idea, may, and probably will "polish it up." But what does he polish up? To say that he polishes up his style is merely to say that he is polishing up his idea, that he has discovered faults or imperfections in his idea, and is perfecting it. An idea exists in proportion as it is expressed; it exists when it is expressed, and not before. It expresses itself. A clear idea is expressed clearly, and a vague idea vaguely. * * * And when you cannot express yourself, depend upon it that you have nothing precise to express, and that what incommodes you is not the vain desire to express, but the vain desire to *think* more clearly. * * * You cannot have good matter with bad style.—(*Arnold Bennett.*)

A composition which dazzles at first sight by gaudy epithets, or brilliant terms of expression, or glittering trains of imagery, may fade gradually from the mind, leaving no enduring impression; but words which flow fresh and warm from a full heart,

and which are instinct with the life and breath of human feeling, pass into household memories, and partake of the immortality of the affections from which they sping.—(*Whipple*).

STORY-TELLING

A story, in which native humour reigns,
Is often useful, always entertains;
A graver fact enlisted on your side
May furnish illustration, well applied;
But sedentary weavers of long tales
Give me the fidgets, and my patience fails.
'Tis the most asinine employ on earth,
To hear them tell of parentage and birth,
And echo conversations dull and dry,
Embellish'd with,—He said—and, So said I.

—*Cowper*.

The aim of literary study is not to amuse the hours of leisure; it is to awake oneself, it is to be alive, to intensify one's capacity for pleasure, for sympathy, and for comprehension. It is not to affect one hour, but twenty-four hours. It is to change utterly one's relations with the world. An understanding appreciation of literature means an understanding appreciation of the world, and it means nothing else. Not isolated and unconnected parts of life, but all of life, brought together and correlated in a synthetic map! The spirit of literature is unifying; it joins the candle and the star'

and by the magic of an image shows that the beauty of the greater is in the less. And, not content with the disclosure of beauty and the bringing together of all things whatever within its focus, it enforces a moral wisdom by the tracing everywhere of cause and effect. It consoles doubly—by the revelation of unsuspected loveliness, and by the proof that our lot is the common lot. It is the supreme cry of the discoverer, offering sympathy and asking for it in a single gesture.—(*Arnold Bennett*).

A skilful literary artist has constructed a tale. If wise he has not fashioned his thoughts to accommodate his incidents; but having conceived, with deliberate care, a certain unique or single *effect* to be wrought out, he then invents such incidents—he then combines such events as may best aid him in establishing this preconceived effect. If his very initial sentence tend not to the outbringing of this effect, then he has failed in his first step. In the whole composition there should be no word written, of which the tendency, direct or indirect, is not to the one pre-established design. And by such means, with such care and skill a picture is at length painted which leaves in the mind of him who contemplates it with a kindred art, a sense of the fullest satisfaction. The idea of the tale has been presented unblemished, because undisturbed;

and this is an end unattainable by the novel.—(*Poe*).

There is no doubt whatever that, if a thing is to be described, most readers take it in more readily if a person in the story tells it than if it is written by the author. The vast majority are of the same way of thinking as Alice in Wonderland when, peeping into her sister's book, she discovered that it had no conversation in it—"and what is the use of a book," thought Alice, "without conversation?" When Dumas said that all he required for a dramatic scene was four bare boards and a passion, he meant the same thing, very nearly. He had no need for scenery—which answers to description—but for a man and a woman at a white heat of passion, of love strong as death, or of jealousy cruel as the grave.

What is good dialogue ? It is the talk of real life, coloured a little and refined, but talk which makes the speakers seem as if they were alive. No objection to a story is so common or so just, as "it doesn't seem as if it really happened." For this reason it is that almost all great writers go to life, though not to copy it too slavishly. H. G. Wells once said that, while he did not take his characters direct from actual people, he always had a living model in his mind to which he could refer whenever he was doubtful how his character would, in given circumstances, speak or act.* * * The plot of a

story, however, is, more often than not, an act of pure invention, a story that rounds itself off, complete and perfect, is not common in real life. H. G. Wells has somewhere given his opinion that a story can be built up on *any* incident whatever—just as a statue is to be found in every marble block, if only the sculptor has the skill to clip out. But the events of real life are, for the most part, little better than suggestions, the raw material which is to be worked up into things of art. If we take a story, for example, by W. W. Jacobs, we shall find that, besides being the work of one of the most delectable of humorists, it is a perfect model of constructed plot. This is why he is looked upon by his fellow craftsman as one of the great masters of his art.—(*Greenhough Smith*).

It is in construction that the nineteenth-century story-tellers are most conspicuously superior to their predecessors. Strange as it seems in the case of men who were dramatists, the Elizabethans were absolutely incompetent in this respect; and Deloney, who was no dramatist, is the only exception among them. In the eighteenth century the story was made to develop in obedience to a law which was external to itself. But in the nineteenth century the story-tellers had become conscious of the vital importance of skilful evolution, and were convinced that the evolution must be from within. They showed this mastery from the first. *Scott's*

Wandering Willie is almost faultless in construction.* * * Hawthorne's, Bret Harte's and Stevenson's stories are models of literary art—an art, however, which is somewhat more obtruded than it is in the case of Scott. This is especially true in the case of Poe. His stories lack nothing of art except the concealment of art. They grow under his hand like a building of the architect, with stroke of axe and clang of hammer. *Wan.ering Willie* seems to spring from the brain of the author as silently as Solomon's temple rose. No other story in the language gives quite the same impression of masterly case.—(*Hugh Walker*).

Against all temptations, against voices of the World and the Flesh, against the glory of power and the swinging hammer of success, you, sitting quietly in your room, must remember that a great charge has been given you, that you are here for one thing and one thing only...to listen. The whole duty of Art is listening for the voice of God. * * You are here to listen. Never mind if they tell you that story-telling is a cheap thing, a popular thing, a mean thing. It is the instrument that is given to you and if, when you come to die you know that, for brief moments, you have heard, and that what you have heard you have written, Life has been justified. Nothing else can console you, nothing else can comfort you. There must be restraint, austerity, discipline—words must come to you

easily but only because life has come to you with so great a pain... the Artist's life is the harshest that God can give to a man. Fortitude is the artist's only weapom of defence.—(*Hugh Walpole*)

This is an age of short stories. Cataracts of short stories pour out upon us in monthly, weekly and daily papers; till it would seem that everyone who has a bent for writing has tried his hand at them. And yet the great short story is extremely rare. Not one in a thousand deserves to be called great; and indeed this is not surprising, for the literary qualities required are of a very high order. There must be an intriguing idea or plot—not too involved or complex, but subtle and artistically right. There must be swift characterisation in word-portraits and talk, for there is no time or space for the gradual unfolding of motives and personalities. The story must keep, as it were, high tension of interest, never for a moment slackening. Above all, the story, whether funny, or horrible, or sad, must be a unit complete and satisfying in itself so that however short it may be one feels that there is nothing more to be said.—(*Quiller Couch*).

TRAVEL

There is nothing gives a man such spirits,
Leavening his blood as cayenne doth a curry,
As going at full speed—no matter where its
Direction be, so 'tis but in a hurry,
And merely for the sake of its own merits;
For the less cause there is for all this flurry,
The greater is the pleasure of arriving,
At the great end of travel—which is driving.

—(*Byron.*)

Perigrination charms our senses with such unskeakable and sweet variety that some count him unhappy that never travelled—a kind of prisoner, and pity his case: that, from his cradle to his old age, he beholds the same still, still,—still, the same, the same.—(*Burton*).

As every object ceases to be new, it no longer continues to be pleasing; some minds are so fond of variety that pleasure itself, if permanent, would be insupportable, and we are thus obliged to solicit new happiness even by courting distress. A life, thus spent in wandering from place to place, is at best but empty dissipation. But to pursue trifles, is the lot of humanity; and whether we bustle in a pantomime or strut at a coronation; whether we shout at a bonfire, or harangue in a senate-house, whatever object we follow, it will at last surely conduct us to futility and disappointment. The wise bustle and laugh as they walk in the pageant,

but fools bustle and are important; and thus probably is all the difference between them.—(*Goldsmith*).

A country rapidly passed through under favourable auspices may leave upon us a unity of impression that would only be disturbed and dissipated if we stayed longer. Clear vision goes with the quick foot. Things fall for us into a sort of natural perspective when we see them for a moment in going by; we generalise boldly and simply, and are gone before the sun is overcast, before the rain falls, before the season can steal like a dial-hand from his figure, before the lights and shadows, shifting round towards nightfall, can show us the other side of things, and belie what they showed us in the morning. We expose our mind to the landscape for the moment only during which the effect endures: and we are away before the effect can change. Hence we shall have in our memories a long scroll of continuous wayside pictures, all imbued already with the prevailing sentiment of the season, the weather, and the landscape, and certain to be unified more and more, as time goes on, by the unconscious processes of thought.—(*Stevenson*).

The soul of a journey is liberty, perfect liberty, to think, feel, do just as one pleases. We go a journey chiefly to be free of all impediments and of all inconveniences; to leave ourselves behind, much more to get rid of others. * * * Give me

the clear blue sky over my head, and the green turf beneath my feet, a winding road before me, and a three hours' march to dinner—and then to thinking. It is hard if I cannot start some game on these lone heaths. I laugh, I run, I leap, I sing for joy. From the point of yonder rolling cloud I plunge into my past being, and revel there, as the sun-burnt Indian plunges headlong into the wave that wafts him to his native shore. Then long-forgotten things, like "sunken wrack and sumless treasuries", burst upon my eager sight, and I begin to feel, think, and be myself again. Instead of an awkward silence, broken by attempts at wit or dull common-places, mine is that undisturbed silence of the heart which alone is perfect eloquence. * * * Oh! it is great to shake off the trammels of the world and of public opinin—to lose our importunate, tormenting, ever-lasting personal identity in the elements of nature, and become the creature of the moment, clear of all ties—to hold to the universe only by a dish of sweet-breads, and to owe nothing but the score of the evening—and no longer seeking for applause and meeting with contempt, to be known by no other title than ***the Gentleman in the parlour***—. (*Hazlitt*).

If in our moments of utter idleness and insipidity, we turn to the sky as a last resource, which of its phenomena do we speak of? One says, it has been wet; and another, it has been windy; another, it

has been warm. Who, among the whole chatting crowd, can tell me of the forms and the precipices of the chain of tall white mountains that girded the horizon at noon yesterday? Who saw the narrow sunbeam that came out of the south, and smote upon their summits until they melted and mouldered away in a dust of blue rain? Who saw the dance of the dead clouds when the sunlight left them last night, and the west wind blew them before it like withered leaves? All has passed, unregretted as unseen; or if the apathy be ever shaken off, even for an instant, it is only by what is gross, or what is extraordinary; and yet it is not in the broad and fierce manifestations of the elemental energies, not in the clash of the hail, nor the drift of the whirlwind, that the highest characters of the sublime are developed. God is not in the earthquake, nor in the fire, but in the still small voice. They are but the blunt and the low faculties of our nature which can only be addressed though lampblack and lightning.—(*Ruskin.*)

We have no cause to regret the youth of the world, if indeed the world were ever young. When we imagine in our cities that the wind no longer calls us to sail before the north-east wind on the seas, it is only our reading that blinds us, and the picture of satiety which our reading breeds is wholly false. Any man to-day may go out and take his pleasure with the wind upon the high seas. We also will make his landfalls to-day, or in a thousand

years; and the sight is always the same, and the appetite for such discoveries is wholly satisfied even though he be only sailing over seas that he has known from childhood, and come upon an island far away, mapped and well-known, and visited for the hundredth time.—(*Hilaire Bellock*).

WAR.

War is honorable
In those who do their native rights maintain;
In those whose swords an iron barrier are
Between the lawless spoiler and the weak;
But is, in those who draw th' offensive blade
For added power or gain, sordid and despicable
As meanest office of the wordly churl.
—(*Joanna Baillis.*)

Reflective apologists for war at the present day all take it religiously. It is a sort of sacrament. Its profits are to the vanquished as well as to the victor; and quite apart from any question of profit, it is an absolute good, we are told, for it is human nature at its highest dynamic. Its "horrors" are a cheap price to pay for rescue from the only alternative supposed, of a world of clerks and teachers, of co-education and zoophily, of "consumer's leagues" "associated charities," of industrialism unlimited

and feminism unabashed. No scorn, no hardness, no valour any more! Fie upon such a cattleyard of a planet!

So far as the central essence of this feeling goes, no healthy-minded person can help to some degree partaking of it. Militarism is the great preserver of our ideals of hardihood, and human life with no use for hardihood would be contemptible. Without risks or prizes for the darer, history would be insipid indeed; and there is a type of military character which every one feels that the race should never cease to breed, for every one is sensitive to its superiority. The duty is incumbent on mankind, of keeping military character in stock—of keeping them, if not for use, then as ends in themselves and as pure pieces of perfection,—so that Roosevelts' weaklings and mollycoddles may not end by making everything disappear from the face of nature.—(*William James.*)

The notion that frequent war is a healthy tonic for a nation is scarcely tenable. Its dysgenic effect, by eliminating the strongest and the healthiest of the population, while leaving the weaklings at home to be the fathers of the next generation, is no new discovery. It has been supported by a succession of men, such as Tenon, Dufau, Foissac and Richet in France; Tiedemann and Seeck in Germany; Guerrini in Italy; Kellog and Jordan in America. The case is indeed overwhelming. The lives destroyed

in war are nearly all males, thus disturbing the sex equilibrium of the population; they are in the prime of life, at the age of greatest fecundity; and they are picked from a list out of which from twenty to thirty per cent have been rejected for physical unfitness. * * * Aggressive patriotism is thus condemned by common sense and the verdict of history no less than by morality.—(*Dean Inge*).

The old professional soldier lived for his soldiering. At the end of a war (however terrible) there was left to him a vista of more wars, more of what had become to him the ultimate reality—his business in life. For these temporary soldiers of the Great War, of what has been not so much a war as a prolonged piece of very horrible carnage, there succeeds something so mild in sensation that it simply will not fill the void. When the dish of life has lost its savour, by reason of violent and uttermost experience, wherewith shall it be salted? The American Civil War was very long and very dreadful, but it was a human and humane business compared to what Europe has just come through. There is no analogy in history for the present moment. * * * The spiritual point is this: In front of a man in ordinary civilised existence there hovers ever that moment in the future when he expects to prove himself more of a man than he has yet proved himself. For these soldiers of

the Great Carnage the moment of probation is already in the past. They have proved themselves as they will never have the chance to do again, and secretly they know it. One talks of their powers of heroism and sacrifices being wanted just as much in time of Peace ; but that cannot really be so, because Peace times do not demand men's lives—which is the ultimate test—with every minute that passes. No, the great moment of their existence lies behind them, young though so many of them are. This makes them atonce greater than us, yet in a way smaller, because they have lost the power and hope of expansion. They have lived their masterpiece already. Human nature is elastic, and hope springs eternal ; but a *climax* of experience and sensation cannot be repeated ; these have reached and passed the uttermost climax ; and in Europe they number millions.—(*Galsworthy*).

Ruskin tells us that wherever there is war there must be injustice on the one side or the other, or on both. "War," he says, "may be so involved with national prejudices, or ignorances, that neither of the contending nations can conceive injustice as attaching to their cause ; nay, the constitution of their governments, and the clumsy crookedness of their political dealings with each other, may be such as to prevent either of them from knowing the actual cause for which they have gone to

war." Wars of self-defence—wars for the maintenance of home and freedom and national existence—may be necessary and even noble. But, of all the wars which can be traced down the long red battle-line of human history, how many can be justly called wars of self-defence? How many have been created by insensate ambition, by the lust of aggrandizement, by cruel and clamorous jealousies, by the blundering diplomacy of miscalled statesmen? If we believed that our British fleet was to be employed for purposes of challenge or attack, we ought to pray that the lightening of heaven might send it to the bottom.—(*G. W. E. Russell*).

In many ways, military organization is the most peaceful of activities. When the contemporary man steps from the street, of clamorous insincere advertisement, push, adulteration, underselling and intermittent employment, into the barrack yard, he steps on to a higher social plane, into an atmosphere of service, and co-operation and of infinitely more honourable emulations. Here at least men are not flung out of employment to degenerate because there is no immediate work for them to do. They are fed and drilled and trained for better services. Here at least a man is supposed to win promotion by self-forgetfulness and not by self-seeking. And beside the feeble and irregular endowment of research by commercialism, its little

short-sighted snatches at profit by innovation and scientific economy, see how remarkable is the steady and rapid development of method and appliances in naval and military affairs! Nothing is more striking than to compare the progress of civil conveniences which has been left almost entirely to the trader, to the progress in military apparatus during the last few decades. The house appliances of to-day, for example, are little better than they were fifty years ago. A house of to-day is still almost as ill-ventilated, badly heated by wasteful fires, clumsily arranged and furnished as the house of 1858. Houses of a couple of hundred years old are still satisfactory places of residence. So little have our standards risen. But the rifle or battleship of fifty years ago was beyond all comparison inferior to those we possess; in power, in speed, in convenience alike. No one has a use now for such superannuated things.—(*H. G. Wells.*)

Wells adds that he thinks that the conception of order and discipline, the tradition of service and devotion, of physical fitness, unstinted exertion, and universal responsibility, which universal military duty is now teaching European nations, will remain a permanent acquisition, when the last ammunition has been used in the fireworks that celebrate the final peace. We believe as he does. It would be simply prepostrous if the only force that could work ideals of honour and standards of

efficiency into English or American natures should be the fear of being killed by the Germans or the Japanese. Great indeed is Fear; but it is not, as our military enthusiasts believe and try to make us believe, the only stimulus known for awakening the higher ranges of men's spiritual energy. The amount of alteration in public opinion which this utopia postulates is vastly less than the difference between the mentality of those black warriors who pursued Stanley's party on the Congo with their cannibal war cry of "Meat! Méat!" and that of the 'general staff' of any civilized nation. History has seen the latter interval bridged over: the former one can be bridged over much more easily.—(*William James.*)

It is one very awful form of the operation of wealth in Europe that it is entirely capitalists' wealth which supports unjust wars. Just wars do not need so much money to support them, for most of the men who wage such, wage them gratis; but for an unjust war, men's bodies and souls have both to be bought; and the best tools of war for them besides, which make such war costly to the maximum; not to speak of the cost of base fear, and angry suspicion, between nations which have not grace nor honesty enough in all their multitudes to buy an hour's peace of mind with. * * * And, all unjust war being supportable, if not by pillage of the enemy, only by loans from

capitalists, these loans are repaid by subsequent taxation of the people, who appear to have no will in the matter, the capitalists' will being the primary root of the war; but its real root is the covetousness of the whole nation, rendering it incapable of faith, frankness, or justice, and bringing about, therefore, in due time, his own separate loss and punishment to each person.—(*Ruskin.*)

War, even in the best state of an army, with all the alleviations of courtesy and honour, with all the correctives of morality and religion, is nevertheless so great an evil, that to engage in it without a clear necessity is a crime of the blackest dye. When the necessity is clear, then it then becomes a crime to shrink from it.—(*Southey*).

WOMEN.

To chase the clouds of life's tempestuous hours,
To strew its short but weary way with flow'rs,
New hopes to raise, new feelings to impart,
And pour celestial balsam on the heart;
For this to man was lovely woman giv'n,
The last, best work, the noblest gift of Heav'n.
(—*Thomas Love Peacock.*)

The most beautiful object in the world, it will be allowed, is a beautiful woman. But who that can analyze his feelings is not sensible that she

owes her fascination less to grace of outline and delicacy of colour than to a thousand associations which, often unperceived by ourselves, connect those qualities with the source of our existence, with the nourishment of our infancy, with the passions of our youth, with the hopes of our age, with elegance, with vivacity, with tenderness, with the strongest natural instincts, with the dearest of social ties ?—(*Macaulay.*)

As the vine which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak, and been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is rifted by the thunderbolt, cling round it with its caressing tendrils, and bind up its shattered boughs ; so it is beautifully ordered by Providence, that woman, who is the mere dependent and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with sudden calamity; winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head, and binding up the broken heart.—(*Irving.*)

The man, in his rough work in open world, must encounter all peril and trial; to him, therefore, must be the failure, the offence, the inevitable error: often he must be wounded, or subdued; often misled ; and *always* hardened. But he guards the woman from all this ; within his house, as ruled by her, unless she herself has sought it, need enter no danger, no temptation ; no cause

of error or offence. This is the true nature of home—it is the place of Peace; the shelter, not only from all injury, but from all terror, doubt, and division. In so far as it is not this, it is not home; so far as the anxieties of the outer life penetrate into it, and the inconsistently-minded, unknown, unloved, or hostile society of the outer world is allowed by either husband or wife to cross the threshold, it ceases to be home; it is then only a part of that outer world which you have roofed over, and lighted fire in. But so far as it is a sacred place, a vestal temple, a temple of the hearth watched over by Household Gods, before whose faces none may come but those whom they can recieve with love,—so far as it is this, and roof and fire are types only of a nobler shade and light,—shade as of the rock in a weary land, and light as of the Pharos in the stormy sea; so far it vindicates the name, and fulfils the praise, of Home.

And wherever a true wife comes, this home is always round her. The stars only may be over her head; the glow worm in the night—cold grass may be the only fire at her foot; but home is yet wherever she is; and for a noble woman it stretches far round her, better than ceiled with cedar, or painted with vermillion, shedding it quiet light far, for those who else were homeless.—(*Ruskin*).

The opinion in favour of the present system, which entirely subordinates the weaker sex to the stronger, rests upon theory only; for there never has been trial made of any other: so that experience, in the sense in which it is vulgarly opposed to theory, cannot be pretended to have pronounced any verdict. In the second place, the adoption of this system of inequality never was the result of deliberation, or forethought, or any social ideas, or any notion whatever of what conduced to the benefit of humanity or the good order of society. It arose simply from the fact that from the very earliest twilight of human society,—every woman (owing to the value attached to her by men, combined with her inferiority in muscular strength) was found in a state of bondage to some man. Laws and systems of polity always begin by recognizing the relations they find already existing between individuals. They convert what was a mere physical fact into a legal right, give it the sanction of society, and principally aim at the substitution of public and organized means of asserting and protecting these rights, instead of the irregular and lawless conflict of physical strength. Those who had already been compelled to obedience became in this manner legally bound to it. Slavery, from being a mere affair of force between the master and the

slave, became regularized and a matter of compact among the masters, who, binding themselves to one another for common protection, guaranteed by their collective strength the private possessions of each, including his slaves. In early times the great majority of the male sex were slaves, as well as the whole of the female. And many ages elapsed, some of them ages of high cultivation, before any thinker was bold enough to question the rightfulness, and the absolute social necessity, either of the one slavery or of the other. By degrees such thinkers did arise, and the slavery of the male sex has, in all the countries of Christian Europe at least been at length abolished, and that of the female sex has been gradually changed into a milder form of dependence. But this dependence, as it exists at present, is not an original institution, taking a fresh start from considerations of justice and social expediency—it is the primitive. state of slavery lasting on, through successive mitigations and modifications occasioned by the same causes which have softened the general manners, and brought all human relations more under the control of justice and the influence of humanity. It has not lost the taint of its brutal origin.—(*John Stuart Mill*).

No theory more than ours repudiates the brutal egoism of past ages, and of too many present men of the world, which classes woma as the inferiors

of men, and the cheap sophistry of the vicious and the overbearing that the part of women in the life of humanity is a lower, a less intellectual, or less active part. Such a view is the refuge of coarse natures and stunted brains. Who can say whether it is nobler to be husband or to be wife, to be mother or to be a son? Is it more blessed to love or to be loved, to form a character or to write a poem? Enough of these idle conundrums, which are as cynical as they are senseless. Everything depends on how the part is played, how near each one of us comes to the higher ideal—how our life is worked out, not whether we be born man or woman, in the first half of the century or in the second. The thing which concerns us is to hold fast by the organic difference implanted by Nature between Man and Woman, in body, in mind, in feeling, and in energy, without any balancing of higher and lower, of better or worse.

The spontaneous and inexhaustible fountain of love, the secret springs whereof are the mystery of womanhood, this is indeed the grand and central difference between the sexes. But the difference of function is quite as real, if less in degree, when we regard the intellect and the character. Plainly, the intellect of women on the whole is more early nature, more rapid, more delicate, more agile than that of men; more imaginative, more in touch with emotion, more sensitive, more individual, more

teachable, whilst it is less capable of prolonged tension, of intense abstraction, of wide range, and of extraordinary complication.

As with intellect—so with the powers of action. The character or energy of women is very different from that of men; though here again it is impossible to say which is the superior, and far less easy to make the contrast. Certainly the world has never seen a female Alexander, Julius Caeser, Charlemagne, or Cromwell. And in mass, endurance, intensity, variety, and majesty of will no women ever approach the greatest men, and no doubt from the same reason smaller cerebral mass and slighter nervous organization. Yet in qualities of constant movement, in perseverance, in passive endurance, in rapidity of change, in keenness of pursuit (up to a certain range and within a given time,) in adaptibility, agility, and elasticity of nature, in industriousness, in love of creating rather than destroying, of being busy rather than idle, of dealing with the minutest surroundings of comfort, grace, and convenience, it is a commonplace to acknowledge women to be our superiors. And if a million housewives do not equal one Caeser, they no doubt add more to the happiness of their own generation.—(*Frederick Harrison.*)

In the case of women, it is of the living and the unpublished blood that the violent world has professed to be delicate and ashamed. See the

curious history of the political rights of woman under the Revolution. On the scaffold she enjoyed an ungrudged share in the fortunes of party. Political right might be denied her, but that seems a trifle when you consider how generously she was permitted political death. She was to spin and cook for her citizen in the obscurity of her living hours; but to the hour of her death was granted a part in the largest interests, social, national, international. The blood wherewith she should, according to Robespierre, have blushed to be seen or heard in the tribune, was exposed in the public sight unsheltered by her veins. Against this there was no modesty. Of all privacies, the last and the innermost—the privacy of death—was never allowed to put obstacles in the way of public action for a public cause. Women might be, and were, duly suppressed when, by the month of Olympe de Gouges, they claimed a "right to concur in the choice of representatives for the formation of the laws"; but in her person, too, they were liberally allowed to bear political responsibility to the Republic. Olympe de Gouges was guillotined. Robespierre thus made her public and complete amends.—(*Alice Meynell.*)

A good woman is the loveliest flower that blooms under heaven: and we look with love and wonder upon its silent grace, its pure fragrance, its delicate bloom of beauty. Sweet and beautiful!

the fairest and the most spotless! is it not pity to see them bowed down or devoured by grief or death inexorsable, wasting in disease, pining with long pain, or cut off by sudden fate in their prime? We may deserve grief, but why should these be unhappy?—except that heaven chastens those whom it loves best; being pleased, by repeated trials, to make these pure spirits more pure.—(*Thackeray*).

YOUTH.

Crabbed age and youth cannot live together;
Youth is full of pleasance, age is full of care;
Youth like summer morn, age like winter weather;
Youth like summer brave,. age like winter bare.
Youth is full of sport, age's breath is short;
Youth is nimble, age is lame;
Youth is hot and bold, age is weak and cold;
Youth is wild, and age is tame.
Age, I do abhor thee; youth I do adore thee.

—*Shakespeare.*

At almost every step in life we meet with young men from whom we anticipate wonderful

things, but of whom, after careful inquiry, we never hear another word. Like certain citizens, calicoes, and ginghams, they show finely on their first newness, but cannot stand the sun and rain, and assume a very sober aspect after washing day —(*Hawthorne.*)

Among all the accomplishments of youth there is none preferable to a decent and agreeable behaviour among men, a modest freedom of speech, a soft and elegant manner of address, a graceful and lovely deportment, a cheerful gravity and good-humour, with a mind appearing ever serene under the ruffling accidents of human life.—(*Watts.*)

We have seen or heard of many extraordinary young men, who never ripened, or whose performance in actual life was not extraordinary. When we see their air and mien, when we hear them speak of society, of books, of religion, we admire their superiority, they seem to throw contempt on our entire polity and social state; theirs is the tone of a youthful giant, who is sent to work revolutions. But they enter an active profession, and the forming Colossus shrinks to the common size of man. The magic they used was the ideal tendencies, which always make the Actual ridiculous; but the tough world had its revenge the moment they put their horses of the sun to plough in its furrow. They found no example and no companion, and their heart fainted.

What then? The lesson they gave in their first aspirations is yet true; and a better valour and a purer truth shall one day organize their belief.—(*Emerson.*)

The regret we have for our childhood is not wholly justifiable; so much a man may lay down without fear of public rebaldry; for although we shake our heads over the change, we are not unconscious of the manifold advantages of our new state. What we lose in generous impluse, we more than gain in the habit of generously watching others and the capacity to enjoy Shakespeare may balance a lost aptitude for playing at soldiers. Terror is gone out of our lives, moreover; we no longer see the devil in the bed-curtains nor lie awake to listen to the wind. We go to school no more; and if we have only exchanged one drudgery for another (which is by no means sure), we are set free for ever from the daily fear of chastisement. And yet a great change has overtaken us; and although we do not enjoy ourselves less, at least we take our pleasure differently. We need pickles now-a-days to make Wednesday's cold mutton please our Friday's appetite. To the grown person cold mutton is cold mutton all the world over; not all the mythology ever invented by man will make it better or worse to him; the broad fact, the clamant reality, of the mutton

carries away before it such seductive figments.—(*Stevenson.*)

In all ages and in all languages the praises of youth have been joyously or pathetically sounded. From time immemorial men have been exhorted to make the most of their youth, remembering that it would quickly pass away, and the catalogue of the ills which old age brings with it has been drawn out with dismal iteration. In a sort of half-hearted way men learned the lesson. They enjoyed themselves as much as possible when they were young, and when they were old made things as unpleasant as they could for their juniors, to revenge their own shortcomings in the joy of youth, and spent the rest of their time grumbling to one another. But it has been reserved for our practical age and for the practical Anglo-Saxons to learn the lesson in its fulness, and to draw the proper conclusion. We have determined to remain young until we die, and already the success we have achieved is remarkable. We made up our minds twenty years ago at most, and already the parentage of young men who have defied all the prosaic limitations of their ancestors is amazing. By young men of course is meant men who are visibly and characteristically young, who by the mere tale of years may be anything up to sixty. * * * In the early part of last century a man was a man at twenty or so, a middle-aged man at thirty, and old at fifty.

At the present time he is a boy up to about thirty-five, a young man up to fifty, and he is hardly regarded as old until he has exceeded David's maximum of life by six or seven years.—(*G. S. Street.*)

No young man believes that he shall ever die. There is a feeling of Eternity in youth, which makes us amends for everything. To be young is to be as one of the Immortal Gods. One half of time indeed is flown—the other half remains in store for us with all its countless treasures; for there is no line drawn, and we see no limit to our hopes and wishes. * * * Death, old age, are words without a meaning, that pass by us like the idle air which we regard not. Others may have undergone, or may still be liable to them—we "bear a charmed life," which laughs to scorn all such sickly fancies. As in setting out on a delightful journey, we strain our eager gaze forward.—

Biddingthe lovely scenes at distance hail,—
and see no end to the landscape, new objects presenting themselves as we advance; so, in the commencement of life, we set no bounds to our inclinations, nor to the unrestricted opportunities of gratifying them. We have as yet found no obstacle, no disposition to flag; and it seems that we can go on for ever. We look round in a new world, full of life, and motion, and ceaseless progress; and feel in ourselves all the vigour and

spirit to keep pace with it, and do not foresee from any present symptoms how we shall be left behind in the natural course of things, decline into old age, and drop into the grave. It is the simplicity, and as it were abstractedness of our feelings in youth, that (so to speak) identifies us with nature, and (our experience being slight and our passions strong) deludes us into a belief of being immortal like it. Our short-lived connection with existence, we fondly flatter ourselves, is an indissoluble and lasting union—a honeymoon that knows neither coldness, jar, nor separation. As infants smile and sleep, we are rocked in the cradle of our wayward fancies, and lulled into security by the roar of the universe around us—we quaff the cup of life with eager haste without draining it, instead of which it only overflows the more—objects press around us, filling the mind with their magnitude and with the throng of distress that wait upon them, so that we have no room for the thoughts of death. From that plenitude of our being, we cannot change all at once to dust and ashes, we cannot imagine "this sensible, warm motion, to become a kneaded clod"—we are too much dazzled by the brightness of the waking dream around us to look into the darkness of the tomb. We no more see our end than our beginning: the one is lost in oblivion and vacancy, as the other is hid from us by the crowd and hurry of

approaching events. * * * While the spirit of youth remains unimpaired, ere the "wine ofl ife is drank up," we are like people intoxicated or in a fever, who are hurried away by the violence of their own sensations: it is only as present objects begin to pall upon the sense, as we have been disappointed in our favourite pursuits, cut off from our closest ties, that passion loosens its hold upon the breast, that we by degrees become weaned from the world, and allow ourselves to contemplate, "as in a glass, darkly," the possibility of parting with it for good. The example of others, the voice of experience, has no effect upon us whatever. Casualties we must avoid: the slow and deliberate advances of age we can play at *hide-and-seek* with. We think ourselves too lusty and too nimble for that blear-eyed decrepit old gentleman to catch us. * * * Others may fall around us like leaves, or be mowed down like flowers by the scythe of Time: these are but tropes and figures to the unreflecting ears and overweening presumption of youth. It is not till we see the flowers of Love, Hope, and Joy withering around us, and our own pleasures cut up by the roots that we bring the moral home to ourselves, that we abate something of the wanton extravagance of our pretensions, or that the emptiness and dreariness of the prospect before us reconciles us to the stillness of the grave!—(*Hazlitt*).

A man that is young in years may be old in hours, if he have lost no time; but that happeneth rarely. Generally, youth is like the first cogitations, not so wise as the second; for there is a youth in thoughts as well as in ages; and yet the invention of young men is more lively than that of old, and imaginations stream into their minds better, and as it were, more divinely.—(*Bacon.*)

How beautiful is youth! how bright it gleams
With its illusions, aspirations, dreams!
Book of Beginnings, Story without End,
Each maid a heroine, and each man a friend!

—*Longfellow.*

[THE END.]